

Accessions

151.666

Shelf No.

G.3973.5

Barton Library.

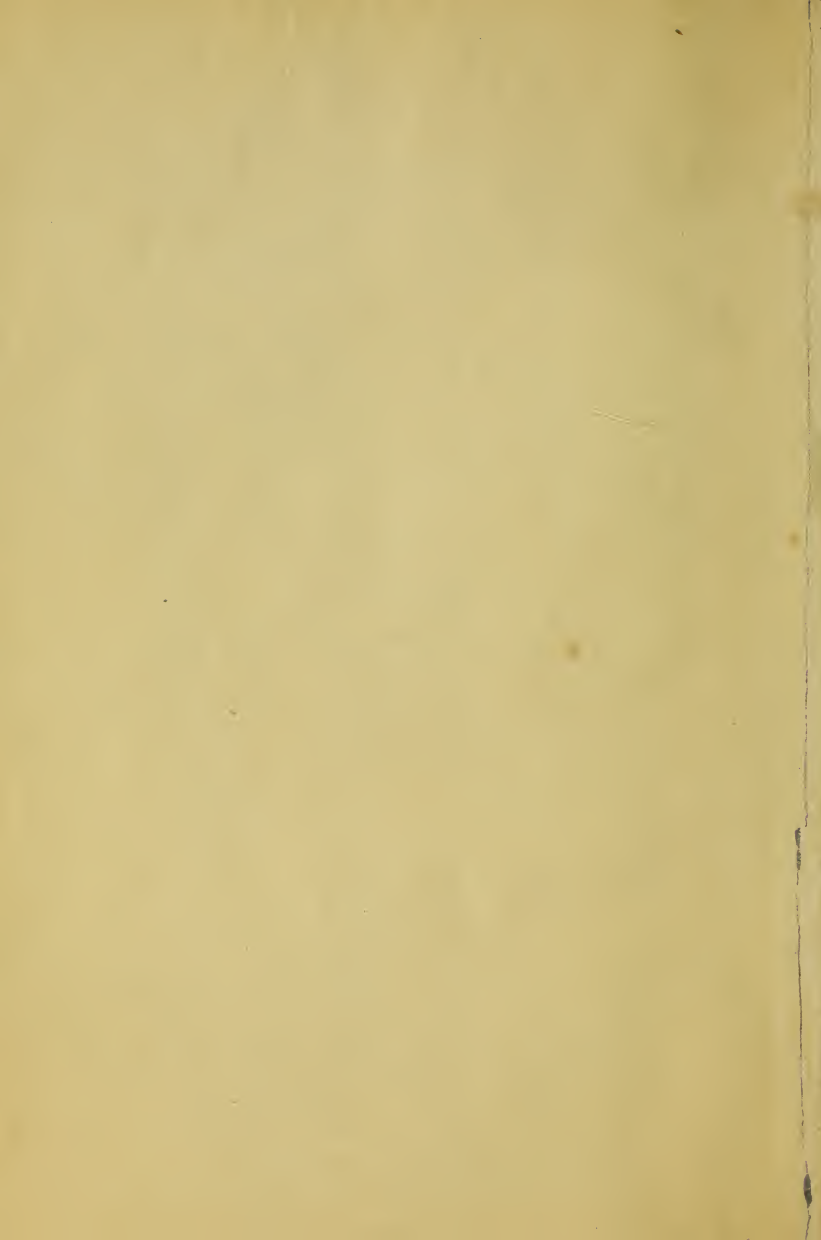


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

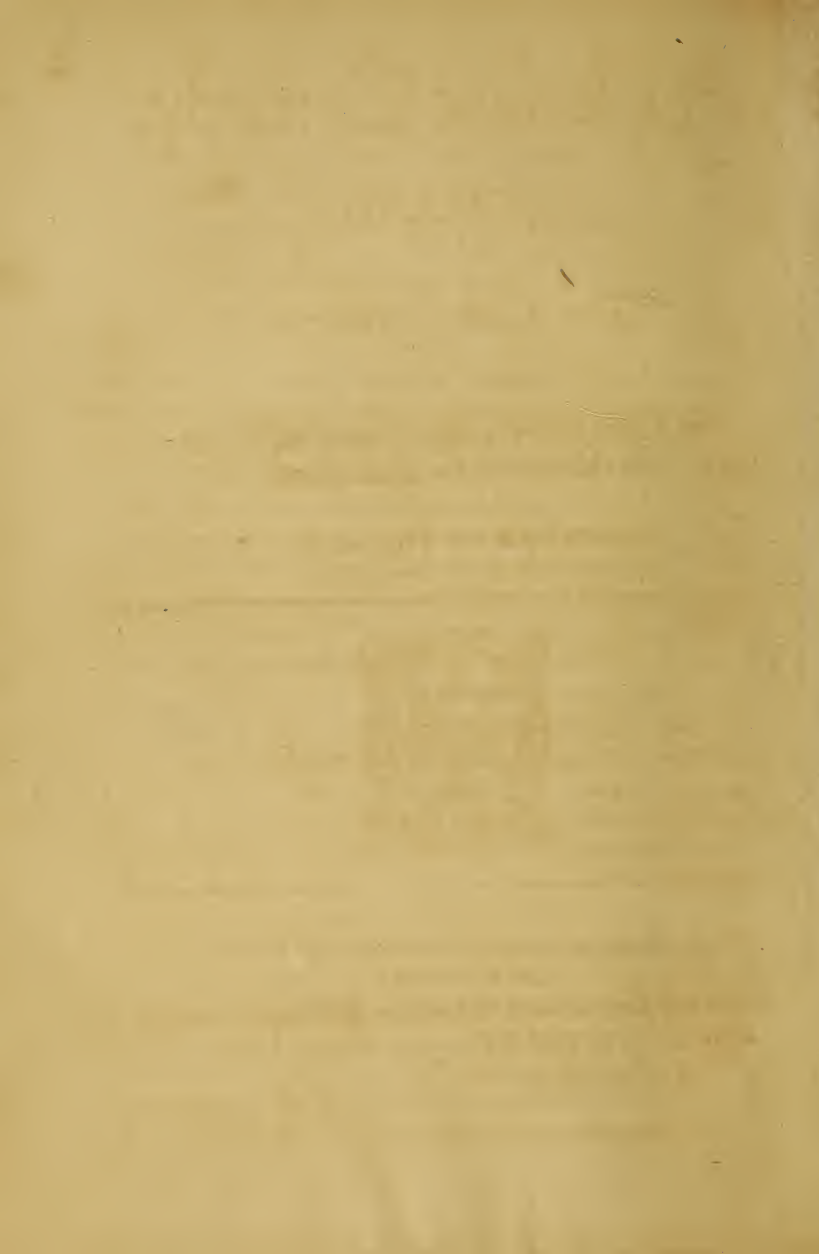
Received, May, 1873.

(Not to be taken from the Library)





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015



A Pleasant Comedy,

CALLED:

The Case is Alterd.

As it hath beene sundry times acted by the
children of the Black-friers.

Written by BEN. IONSON,



LONDON,

Printed for *Bartholomew Sutton*, and *William Barrenger*,
and are to be sold at the great North-doore
of Saint Paules Church. 1609.

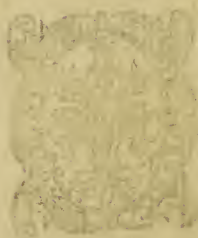
A Pleasant Comedy,

CALL'D:

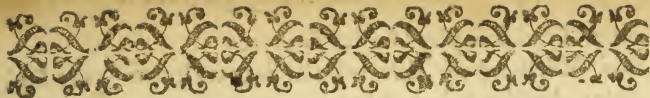
157. 866

May 1878

Printed by the
University of London



Printed by the University of London
and sold by the University of London
Library



A pleasant Comedy called, the *Case is Alterd.*

Actus primi, Scæna prima.

*Sound? after a flourish: Iuniper a Cobler is discovered, sitting
at worke in his shoppe and singing.*

Iuniper, Onion, Antony Baladino.



OV wofull wights giue eare a while,

And marke the tenor of my stile,

Which shall such trembling hearts unfold

As seldome hath to fore bene told.

*Enter Onion
in hast.*

Such chances rare and dolesull newes

Oni. fellow Iuniper

Peace a Gods name.

As may attempt your wits to muse.

Oni. Gods so, heere man.

A pox a God on you.

And cause such trickling teares to passe,

Except your hearts be flint or brasse:

Oni. Iuniper, Iuniper.

To heare the newes which I shall tell,

That in Castella once befell.

*Sbloud, where didst thou learne to corrupt a man in the midst
of a verse, ha?*

*Onion. Gods lid man, seruice is ready to go vp man, you
must slip on your coate and come in, we lacke waiters pittifully.*

*Iunip. A pittifull hearing, for now must I of a merry Cobler
become thourning creature.*

Exit Onion.

Onion. Well youle come.

*Iunip. Presto. Go to, a word to the wise, away, flie? vanish:
Lye there the weedes that I disdaine to weare.*

Anto. God saue you Maister *Iuniper*.

Iuni. What Signior Antonio Balladino, welcome sweet *Ingle*,

Anto. And how do you sir?

Iuni. Faith you see, put to my shifts here as poore retainers be oftentimes, sirrah *Antony* ther's one of my fellowes mightely enamored of thee, and I faith you slaue, now your come I'll bring you together, it's *Peter Onion*, the groome of the hal, do you know him.

Anto. No not yet, I assure you.

Iuni. O he is one as right of thy humour as may be, a plaine simple Rascal, a true dunce, marry he hath bene a notable vilaine in his time: he is in loue, sirrah, with a wench, & I haue preferred thee to him, thou shalt make him some pretty *Paradox* or some *Aligory*, how does my coate sit? well.

Anto. I very well.

Enter Onion.

Oni. Na Gods so, fellow *Iuniper*, come away.

Iun. Art thou there mad slaue, I come with a powder?
Sirrah fellow *Onion*, I must haue you peruse this Gentleman well, and doe him good offices of respect and kindnesse, as instance shall be giuen.

Anto. Nay good maister *Onion* what do you meane, I pray you sir you are to respectue in good faith.

Onion. I would not you should thinke so sir, for though I haue no learning, yet I honour a scholer in any ground of the earth sir,

Shall I request your name sir?

Anto. My name is *Antorio Balladino*.

Oni. *Balladino*? you are not Pageant Poet to the City of *Milaine* sir, are you.

Anto. I supply the place sir: when a worse cannot be had sir.

Oni. I crie you mercy sir, I loue you the better for that sir, by Iesu you must pardon me, I knew you not, but I'd pray to be better acquainted with you sir, I haue scene of your works.

Anto. I am at your seruice good Maister *Onion*, but concerning this maiden that you loue sir? what is she,

Onion. O did my fellow *Iuniper* tell you? marry sir, she is

as

I because is true.
as one may say, but a poore mans child indeede, and for mine owne part I am no Gentleman borne I must confesse, but my mind to me a kingdome is truly.

Anto. Truly a very good saying.

Onion. T'is somewhat stale, but that's no matter.

Anto. O't is the better, such things euer are like bread, which the staler it is, the more holesome.

Onion. This is but a hungry comparison in my iudgement.

Anto. Why, I'll tell you, *M. Onion*, I do vse as much stale stuffe, though I say it my selfe, as any man does in that kind I am sure. Did you see the last Pageant, I set forth?

Onion. No faith sir, but there goes a huge report on't.

Anto. Why, you shal be one of my *Mecen-asses*, I'll giue you one of the bookes, O you'll like it admirably.

Oni. Nay that's certaine, I'll get my fellow *Iuniper* to read it.

Anto. Reade it sir, I'll reade it to you.

Onion. Tut then I shall not chuse but like it.

Anto. Why looke you sir, I write so plaine, and keepe that old *Decorum*, that you must of necessitie like it; mary you shall haue some now (as for example, in plaies) that will haue euery day new trickes, and write you nothing but humours: indeede this pleases the Gentlemen: but the common fort they care not for't, they know not what to make on't, they looke for good matter, they, and are not edified with such toyes.

Onion. You are in the right, I'll not giue a halfe peny to see a thousand on'hem. I was at one the last Tearme, but & euer I see a more roguish thing, I am a peece of cheese, & no onion, nothing but kings & princes in it, the foole came not out a iot.

Anto. True sir, they would haue me make such plaies, but as I tell hem, and they'll giue me twenty pound a play, I'll not raise my vaine.

Onion. No, it were a vaine thing, and you should sir,

Anto. Tut giue me the penny, giue me the peny, I care not for the Gentlemen I, let me haue a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it.

Onion. Indeed that's right, you are in print already for the

best plotter.

Anto. I, I might as well ha bene put in for a dumb shew too.

Oni. I marry sir, I marle you were not, stand aside sir a while:

Enter an armed Sewer: some halfe dozen in mourning coates following and passe by with seruice. *Enter Valentine.*

Onion. How now friend, what are you there? be vncouered, Would you speake with any man here?

Valen. I, or else I must ha' returnd you no answer.

Oni. Friend, you are somewhat to peremptory, let's craue your absence: nay neuer scorne it, I am a little your better in this place.

Valen. I do acknowledge it.

Onion. Do you acknowledge it? nay then you shall go forth, Ile teach you how shall acknowledge it another time; go to, void, I must haue the hall purg'd, no setting vp of a rest here, packe, begone.

Valen. I pray you sir is not your name *Onion*?

Oni. Your friend as you may vse him, and *M. Onion*, say on.

Valen. *M. Onion* with a murraine, come come put off this Lyons hide, your eares haue discovered you, why *Peter*! do not I know you *Peter*?

Onion. Gods so, *Valentine*!

Valen. O can you take knowledge of me now sir?

Oni. Good Lord, sirra, how thou art altered with thy trauell?

Valen. Nothing so much as thou art with thine office, but sirra, *Onion* is the *Count Ferneze* at home? *Exit Anthony.*

Oni. I Bully, he is aboue; and the Lord *Paulo Ferneze*, his son, and Maddam *Aurelia*, & maddam *Phoenixella*, his daughters, But O *Valentine*?

Valen. How now man, how dost thou?

Oni. Faith sad, heauy, as a man of my coate ought to be.

Valen. Why man, thou wert merry inough euen now.

Oni. True, but thou knowest

*All creatures here sojornning, vpon this wretched earth,
Sometimes haue a fit of mourning, as well as a fit of mirth.*

O *Valentine*, mine old Lady is dead, man.

Valen. Dead!

Onion

Oni. I faith.

Valen. When dyed she?

Onion. Mary, to morrow shall be three months, she was seene going to heauen they say, about some five weekes agone! how now? trickling teares, ha?

Valen. Faith thou hast made me weepe with this newes.

Onion. Why I haue done but the parte of an Onion, you must pardon me.

Scene. 2.

Enter the sewer, passe by with seruice againe, the seruing-men take knowledge of Valentine as they goe.

Iuniper salutes him.

Iuni. What Valentine? fellow Onion, take my dish I prithee you rogue sirrah, tell me, how thou dost, sweet Ingle.

Valen. Faith, Iuniper, the better to see thee thus frolicke.

Iuni. Nay, slid I am no changling, I am Iuniper still. I keepe the prismatic ha, you mad Hieroglyphick, when shall we swagger.

Valen. Hieroglyphick, what meanest thou by that.

Iuni. Meane? Gods so, ist not a good word man? what? stand vpon meaning with your freinds. Puh, Absconde.

Valen. Why, but stay, stay, how long has this sprightly humor haunted thee?

Iuni. Foe humour, a foolish naturall gift we haue in the *Æquinoctiall*.

Valen. Naturall, slid it may be supernaturall, this?

Iuni. Valentine, I prithee ruminare thy selfe welcome. What *fortuna de la Guerra*.

Valen. O how pittifully are these words forc't. As though they were pumpt out on's belly.

Iuni. Sirrah Ingle, I thinke thou hast seene all the strange countries in Christendome since thou wentst?

Valen. I haue seene some Iuniper.

Iuni. You haue seene Constantinople?

Valen. I, that I haue.

Iuniper

A pleasant Comedy, called

Iuni. And *Ierusalem*, and the *Indies*, and *Goodwine sands*, and the tower of *Babylon*, and *Venice* and all.

Valen. I all; no marle and he haue a nimble tong, if he practise to vault thus from one side of the world to another.

Iuni. O it's a most heauenly thing to trauel, & see countries, especially at sea, and a man had a patient not to be sicke.

Valen. O sea sicke Iest, and full of the scuruie.

Scæne 3.

Enter Iuniper, Antonio, Sebastian, Martino, Vincentio, Balthasar and Christophero.

Seba. *Valentine*? welcome I faith how dost sirra?

Mart. How do you good *Valentine*.

Vincen. Troth, *Valentine*, I am glad to see you.

Balth. Welcome sweet rogue.

Sebast. Before God he neuer lookt better in his life.

Balth. And how ist man? what, *Alla Coragio*.

Valen. Neuer better gentlemen I faith.

Iuni. S'will here comes the steward:

Christ. Why how now fellowes all here? and nobody to waight aboute now they are ready to rise? looke vp one or two *Signior Francesco Colomia's man* how doo's your good maister.

Exeunt Iuniper, Martino, Vincentio.

Valen. In health sir he will be here anon.

Christo. Is he come home, then?

Valen. I sir he is not past sixe miles hence, he sent me before to learne if *Count Ferneze* were here and returne him word.

Christo. Yes, my Lord is here; and you may tel your maister he shal come very happily to take his leaue of Lord *Paulo Ferneze*: who is now instantly to depart with other noble gentlemen, vpon speciall seruice.

Valen. I will tell him sir.

Christo. I pray you doe, fellowes make him drinke.

Valen. Sirs, what seruice ist they are imployed in?

Sebast. Why against the *French* they meane to haue a sling at *Millaine* againe they say.

Valen:

The case is Altered.

Valen. Who leades our forces, can you tell?

Sebast. Marry that do's Signior *Maximilian*? he is aboute, now.

Valen. Who, *Maximilian* of *Vicenza*?

Balt. I he? do you know him?

Valen. Know him? O yes he's an excellent braue soldier.

Balt. I so they say, but one of the most vaine glorious men in *Europe*.

Valen. He is indeed, marry exceeding valient.

Sebast. And that is rare.

Balt. What.

Sebast. Why to see a vaine glorious man valient.

Valen. Well he is so I assure you.

Enter Iuniper.

Iuni. What no further yet, come on you precious rascall, fir *Valentine*, Ile giue you a health I faith; for the heauens you mad *Capriceio*, hold hooke and line.

Scæne 4.

Enter Lord Paulo Bernese, his boy following him.

Pau. Boy.

Boy. My Lord.

Pau. Sirrah go vp to Signior *Angelio*,
And pray him (if he can) deuise some meanes,
To leaue my father, and come speake with me.

Boy I will my Lord.

Pau. Well heauen, be auspicious in the euent;
For I do this against my *Genius*,
And yet my thoughts cannot propose a reason,
Why I should feare, or faint thus in my hopes,
Of one so much endeed to my loue.
Some sparke it is, kindled within the soule:
Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sence,
That propagates this tymerous suspect;
His actions neuer carried any face
Of change, or weaknes: then I iniury him?
In being thus cold conceited of his faith,
O here he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. How now sweet Lord, whats the matter?

B.

Pau.

A pleasant Comedy, called

Pau. Good faith his presence makes me halfe ashamd.
Of my straid thoughts. *Boy.* Bestow your selfe. *Exit Boy.*
Where is my father, *Signior Angelio.*

Ang. Marry in the galery, where your Lordship left him.

Pau. Thats well. Then *Angelio* I will be brieft.

Since time forbids the vse of circumstance,
How well you are receiued in my affection,
Let it appeare by this one instance, onely
That now I will deliuer to your trust,
The deereft secrets, treasurd in my bosome,
Deare *Angelio.* You are not euery man,
But one, whome my election hath design'd,
As the true proper obieft of my soule:
I vrge not this t'insinuate my desert,
Or supple your tri'd temper, with soft phrases;
True frendship lothes such oyly complement:
But from th'abundance of that loue, that flowes
Through all my spirits, is my speech enforc'd.

Ang. Before your Lordship do proceed too far,
Let me be bould to intimate thus much;
That what so ere your wisdom hath expos'd,
Be it the waightiest and most rich affaire,
That euer was included in your breast,
My faith shall poise it, if not——

Pau. O no more,
Those words haue rapt me with their sweet effects,
So freely breath'd, and so responsible,
To that which I endeououred to extract,
Arguing a happy mixture of our soules.

Ange. Why were there no such *sympathy* sweete Lord?
Yet the impressure of those ample fauours,
I haue deriu'd from your vnmatch'd spirit,
Would bind my faith to all obseruances.

Pau. How! fauours *Angello*, ô speake not of them,
They are meere paintings, and import no merit,
Lookes my loue well? thereon my hopes are plac't:

Faith,

The Case is Altered.

Faith, that is bought with fauours, cannot last.

Enters Boy.

Boy. My Lord.

Pau. How now?

Boy. You are sought for all about the house, within,
The Count your father calls for you.

Pau. God, what crosse euent do meet my purposes?

Now will he violently fret and grieue

That I am absent. Boy, say I come presently:

Exit Boy.

Sweet *Angello*, I cannot now insist

Vpon particulars, I must serue the time

The maine of all this is, I am in loue.

Ange. Why starts your Lordship?

Pau. I thought I heard my father comming hitherward, list,
ha?

Ange. I heare not any thing, it was but your imagination
sure.

Pau. No.

Ange. No, I assure your Lordship.

Pau. I would worke safely.

Ange. Why, has he no knowledge of it then?

Pau. O no, no creature yet pertakes it but your selfe
In a third person, and belecue me friend,
The world contains not now another spirit,
To whom I would reueile it. Harke, harke,

Servants. { *Signior Paulo.* } within.
 { *Lord Ferneze.* }

Ange. A pox vpon those brazen throated slaues,
What are they mad, trow?

Pau. Alas, blame not them,
Their seruices are (clock-like) to be set,
Backward and forward, at their Lords command,
You know my father's wayward, and his humour
Must not receiue a check, for then all obiects,
Feede both his grieve and his impatience,
And those affections in him, are like powder,
Apt to enflame with euery little sparke,

And blow vp ready, therefore Angelo, peace.

within. { *Count.* Why this is rare, is he not in the garden?
Crist. I know not my Lord.

{ *Count.* Sec, call him?

Pau. He is coming this way, let's withdraw a little.

Exeunt.

within. & *Servants.* Signior Paulo, Lord Fernex, Lord Paulo.

Scæne 5.

Enter Count Fernex, Maximilian, Aurelia, Phoenixella, Sebast. Balthasar.

Count.

VV Here should he be, trow? did you looke in the armory?

Sebast. No my Lord.

Count. No, why there? ô who would keepe such drones?

Exeunt Sebast. and Baliba.

How now, ha ye found him?

Enter Martino.

Mart. No my Lord.

Count. No my Lord, I shall haue shortly all my family
 Speake nought, but no my Lord, where is *Christophero*,

Enter Chrristophero.

Looke how he stands, you sleepy knaue,

Exit Martino.

What is he not in the Garden?

Christo. No my good Lord.

Count. Your good Lord, ô how this smels offennell.

Enter Sebast Baltha.

You haue bene in the garden it appeares, well, well.

Balth. We cannot find him my Lord.

Sebast. He is not in the armory.

Count. He is not, he is no where, is he?

Maxi. Count Fernex.

Count. Signior.

Maxi. Preserue your patience honorable *Count.*

Count. Patience? a Saint would loose his patience to be crost,

As

As I am with a sort of motly braines,
See see, how like a nest of Rookes they stand, *Enter Onion.*
Gaping on one another! now *Diligence*, what news bring you?

Oni. Ant please your honour.

Count. Tut, tut, leaue pleasing of my honour *Diligence*, you double with we, come.

Oni. How : does he find fault with *Please his Honour*.
S'wounds it has begun a seruingmans speech, euer since I be-
longd to the blew order : I know not how it may shew, now I
am in blacke, but--

Count. Whats that, you mutter sir? will you proceed?

Oni. Ant like your good Lordship.

Count. Yet more, Gods precious.

Oni. What, do not this like him neither?

Count. What say you sir knaue?

Oni. Mary I say your Lordship were best to set me to
schoole againe, to learne how to deliuer a message.

Count. What do you take exceptions at me then.

Oni. Exception? I take no exceptions, but by Gods so your
humours---

Count. Go to you are a Raskall, hold your tongue.

Oni. Your Lordships poore seruant, I.

Count. Tempt not my patience.

Oni. Why I hope I am no spirit, am I?

Maxi. My Lord, command your Steward to correct the
flaue.

Oni. Correct him, S'bloud come you and correct him and
you haue a minde to it, correct him, that's a good iest I faith,
the Steward and you both, come and correct him.

Count. Nay see, away with him, pull his cloth ouer his eares.

Oni. Cloth? tell me of your cloth, here's your cloth, nay
and I mourne a minute longer, I am the rottenest Onion that e-
uer spake with a tongue. *They thrust him out.*

Maxi. What call your hind's count *Ferneze*?

Count. His name is *Onion Signior*,

Maxi. I thought him some such sawcy companion.

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Count. Signior Maximillian.

Maxi. Sweet Lord.

Count. Let me intreat you, you would not regard
Any contempt flowing from such a spirit,
So rude, so barbarous.

Maxi. Most noble *Count* vnder your fauour---

Count. Why Ile tell you Signior,
Heele bandy with me word for word, nay more,
Put me to silence, strike me perfect dumb;
And so amaze me, that oftentimes I know not,
Whether to check or cherish his presumption:
Therefore good Signior.

Maxi. Sweet Lord satisfie your selfe, I am not now to learn
how to manage my affections, I haue obseru'd, and know
the difference betweene a base wretch and a true man; I can
distinguish them, the property of the wretch is, he would hurt
and cannot, of the man, he can hurt, and will not.

Count. Go to, my merry daughter, ô these lookes,
Agree well with your habit, do they not? *Enter Iuniper.*

Iunip. Tut, let me alone. By your fauour, this is the Gentle-
man I thinke, Sir you appeare to be an honorable Gentle-
man, I vnderstand, and could wish (for mine owne part) that
things were conden't otherwise then they are: but (the world
knowes) a foolish fellow, somewhat procliue, and hasty, he
did it in a preiudicate humour; mary now vpon better com-
putation, he wanes; he melts; his poore eyes are in a cold
sweat. Right noble *Signior*, you can haue but compunction, I
loue the man, tender your compassion.

Maxi. Doth any man here vnderstand this fellow?

Iunip. O God sir, I may say *frustra* to the comprehension
of your intellection.

Maxi. Before the Lord, he speakes all riddle, I thinke. I must
haue a comment ere I can conceiue him.

Count. Why he sues to haue his fellow *Onion* pardon'd,
And you must grant it Signior.

Maxi. O with all my soule my Lord, is that his motion?

Iunip.

The Case is Altered.

Iunip. I sir, and we shall retort these kinde fauours with all allacrity of spirit, we can sir, as may be most expedient, as well for the quality as the cause, till when in spight of this complement: I rest a poore Cobler, seruant to my honorable Lord here, your friend and *Iuniper*. *Exit.*

Maxi. How *Iuniper*?

Count. I Signior.

Maxi. He is a sweete youth, his tongue has a happy turne when he sleeps.

Enter Paulo Fernexze, Francisco, Colomea,

Angelo, Valentine.

Count. I for then it rests, O Sir your welcome,

Why God be thanked you are found at last:

Signior *Coloma* truly you are welcome,

I am glad to see you sir so well returned.

Fran. I gladly thanke your honour, yet indeed

I am sory for such cause of heauinesse,

As hath posselt your Lordship in my absence.

Count. O *Francisco* you knew her what she was!

Fran. She was a wise and honorable Lady.

Count. I was she not! well weepe not she is gone,

Passions duld eye can make two grieues of one,

Whom death marke out, vertue, nor bloud can saue,

Princes, as beggers, all must feed the graue.

Max. Are your horse ready Lord *Paulo*,

Pau. I signior the stay for vs at the gate.

Max. Well tis good. Ladies I will take my leaue of you,

Be your fortunes as your selues? faire. Come let vs to horse,

Count Fernexze I beare a spirit full of thanks for all your honorable courtesies.

Count. Sir I could wish the number and value of them more in respect of your deseruings. But Signior *Maximillian*.

I pay you a word in priuate.

Aur. I Faith brother you are fitted for a generall yonder,

Besthrow my heart (If I had *Fortunatus* hat here) and I would not wish my selfe a man and go with you, only t'enioy his presence.

Pau.

A pleasant Comedy, called

Par. Why do you loue him so well sister.

Aur. No by my troth, but I haue such an odde prery apprehension of his humour me thinks : that I am eene tickled with the conceite of it.

O he is a fine man.

Ang. And me thinks another may be as fine as he.

Aur. O *Angelio*, do you thinke I do vrge any comparison against you? no, I am not so ill bred, as to be a deprauer of your worthines: beleue me, if I had not some hope of your abiding with vs, I should neuer desire to go out of black whilst I liued: but learne to speake i'th nose, and turne puritan presently.

Ang. I thanke you Lady: I know you can flout.

Aur. Come doe you take it so? I faith you wrong me.

Fran. I, but Maddame,

Thus to disclaime in all the effects of pleasure,
May make your sadnesse seeme to much affected,
And then the proper grace of it is lost.

Phoenix Indeed sir, if I did put on this sadnesse
Onely abroad, and in Society,

And were in priuate merry; and quick humor'd;

Then might it seeme affected and abhord:

But as my lookes appeare, such is my spirit,

Drown'd vp with confluence of grieffe, and melancholy,

That like to riuers run through all my vaines,

Quenching the pride and seruour of my blood.

Max. My honorable Lord? no more:

There is the honour of my blood engag'd,

For your sonnes safety.

Count. Signior, blame me not,

For tending his security so much,

He is mine onely sonne, and that word onely,

Hath with his strong, and reprecussive sound,

Stroke my heart cold, and giuen it a deepe wound.

Max. Why but stay, I beseech you, had your Lordship euer any more sonnes then this.

Count. Why haue not you knowen it *Maximilian*?

Max.

The Case is Altered.

Max. Let my Sword faile me then.

Count. I had one other yonger borne then this,
By twise so many how ers as would fill
The circle of a yeare, his name *Camillo*,
Whome in that blacke, and fearefull night I lost,
(Tis now a nineteene yeares agone at least,
And yet the memory of it sits as fresh
Within my braine as twere but yesterday)
It was that night wherein the great *Chamont*,
The generall for *France* surpris'd *Vicenza*,
Me thinks the horror of that clamorous shout
His souldiers gaue when they attaind the wall,
Yet tingles in mine eare, me thinkes I see
With what amazed lookes, distracted thoughts,
And minds confus'd, we, that were citizens,
Confronted one another: euery street
Was fill'd with bitter selfe tormenting cries,
And happy was that foote, that first could presse,
The flowry champaigne, bordering on *Verona*.
Heere I (imploy'd about my deare wiues safety)
Whose soule is now in peace) lost my *Camillo*.
Who sure was murdered by the barbarous Souldiers,
Or else I should haue heard——my heart is great.
Sorrow is faint? and passion makes me sweat.

Max Grieve not sweet *Count*: comfort your spirits, you
haue a sonne a noble gentleman, he stands in the face of ho-
nour: For his safety let that be no question. I am maister of my
fortune, and he shall share with me. Farewell my honorable
Lord. Ladies one emore adiew, for your selfe maddam you are
a most rare creature, I tell you so, be not proud of it, I loue you:
come Lord *Paulo* to horse.

Pan. Adiew good Signior *Francesco*: farewell sister.

*Sound a tucket, and as they passe euery one seue-
rally depart, Maximilian, Paulo Ferne-
ze and Angelo remaine*

Ang. How shall we rid him hence.

C

Pan.

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Pan. Why well inough? sweet *Signior Maximilian*.
I have some small occasion to stay:
If it may please you but take horse afore
He ouer take you, ere your troopes be rang'd.
Max. Your motion hath tast wel: Lord *Fernex* I go. *Exit Max.*

Pan. Now if my loue faire *Rachel*, were so happy,
But to looke forth. See fortune doth me grace;

Enter Rachel.

Before I can demaund? how now loue.
Where is your father?

Rach. Gone abroad my Lord:

Pan. Thats well,

Rach. I but I feare heele presently returne,
Are you now going my most honored Lord?

Pan. I my sweet *Rachel*.

Ang. Before God, she is a sweet wench.

Pan. *Rachel* I hope I shall not need to vrge,
The sacred purity of our effects,
As if it hung in triall or suspence:

Since in our hearts, and by our mutuall vowes,
It is confirmd and seald in sight of heauen.

Nay doe not weepe, why starte you? feare not, *Lone*.
Your father cannot be return'd so soone,
I prithe doe not looke so heauily,

Thou shalt want nothing :

Rach. No is your presence nothing?
I shall want that, and wanting that, want all
For that is all to me.

Pan. Content thee sweet
I haue Made choise here of a constant friend

This gentleman? one, whose zealous loue,

I doe repose more, then on all the world,

Thy beauteous seife excepted: and to him,

Haue I committed my deere care of thee,

As to my genius, or my other soule.

Receiue his gentle loue and what defects,

My

The case is Altered.

My absence proues, his presence shall supply.
The time is enuious of our longer stay.
Farewell deere *Rachel*.

Rach: Most deere Lord, adew,
Heauen and honour crowne your deeds, and you.

Exit Rachel.

Pau. Faith tell me *Angelio* how dost thou like her?

Ang. Troth well my Lord, but shall I speake my mind.

Pau. I prithee doe.

Ang. She is deriud too meanelly to be wife
To such a noble person, in my iudgement.

Pau. Nay then thy iudgement is to meane, I seee
Didst thou neare read in difference of good
Tis more to shine in vertue then in bloud.

Enter Iaques.

Ang. Come you are so sententious my Lord.

Pau. Here comes her father. How dost thou good *Iaques*?

Ang. God saue thee *Iaques*.

Iaq. What should this meane? *Rachel* open the dore.

Exit Iaques.

Ang. Shloud how the poore slaue lookes, as though
He had bene hauuted by the spirit *Liar*,
Or scene the ghost of some great *Satrapas*
In an vnfaury sheet.

Pau. I muse he spake not, belike he was amazd
Comming so suddenly and vnprepard? Well less go. *Exeunt*.

Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Enter Iaques solus.

SO now inough my heart, beat now no more;
At least for this afright, what a could swear,
Flow'd on my browes, and ouer all my bosome!
Had I not reason? to behold my dore
Beset with vnchristis, and my selfe abroad?
Why *Iaques*? was their nothing in the house
Worth a continuall eye, a vigelent thought,

A pleasant Comedy, called

Whose head should neuer nod, nor eyes once wincke?
Looke on my coate, my thoughts; worne quite thred bare,
That time could neuer couer with a nappe,
And by it learne, neuer with nappes of sleepe,
To smother your conceits of that you keepe.
But yet, I maruell, why these gallant youths
Spoke me so faire, and I esteemd a beggar?
The end of flattery, is gaine, or lechery:
If they seeke gaine of me, they thinke me rich,
But that they do not: for their other obiect:
Tis in my handsome daughter, if it be.
And by your leaue, her handsonnesle may tell them
My beggery counterfeits, and, that her neatnesse,
Floues from some store of wealth, that breakes my coffers,
With this same engine, loue to mine owne breed.
But this is answered: *Beggars will keepe fine,
Their daughters, being faire, though themselues pine.*
Well then, it is for her, I, t'is sure for her,
And I make her so briske for some of them,
That I might liue alone once with my gold.
O t'is a sweet companion! kind and true,
A man may trust it when his father cheats him;
Brother, or friend, or wife, ô wondrous pelfe,
„That which makes all men false, is true it selfe.
But now this maid, is but suppos'd my daughter:
For I being Steward to a Lord of France,
Of great estate, and wealth, called Lord *Chammount*,
He gone into the warres, I stole his treasure;
(But heare not, any thing) I stole his treasure,
And this his daughter, being but two yeares old,
Because it lou'd me so, that it would leaue
The nurse her selfe, to come into mine armes,
And had I left it, it would sure haue dyed.
Now herein I was kinde, and had a conscience;
And since her Lady mother that did dye
In child-bed of her, loued me passing well,

The Case is Altered.

It may be nature fashioned this affection,
Both in the child and her : but hees ill bred,
That ransackes tombes, and doth deface the dead.

I'll therefore say no more : suppose the rest,
Here haue I chang'd my forme, my name and hers.

And liue obscurely, to enioy more safe *Enter Rachel.*
My deereſt treasure. But I muſt abroad, *Rachel.*

Rach. VVhat is your pleasure ſir ?

Iaq. *Rachel* I muſt abroad.

Lock thy ſelfe in, but yet take out the key,
That whoſoeuer peepes in at the key-hole,
May yet imagine there is none at home.

Rach. I will ſir.

Iaq. But harke thee *Rachel* : ſay a theefe ſhould come,
And miſſe the key, he would reſoule indeede

None were at home, and ſo breake in the rather :

Ope the doore *Rachel*, ſet it open daughter ;

But ſit in it thy ſelfe : and talke alowd,

As if there were ſome more in houſe with thee :

Put out the fire, kill the chimnies hart,

That it may breath no more then a dead man,

The more we ſpare my child, the more we gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2.

Enter Chriſtophero, Iuniper and Onion.

Chriſt. What ſayes my fellow *Onion* ? come on.

Oni. All of a houſe ſir, but no fellowes, you are my Lords
Steward, but I pray you what thinke you of loue, ſir ?

Chriſt. Of loue *Onion* ? Why it's a very honourable humor.

Oni. Nay if it be but worſhipfull I care not.

Iunip. Go to, it's honorable, chécke not at the conceit of the
Gentleman.

Oni. But in truth ſir, you ſhall do well to think well of loue :
For it thinkes well of you, in me, Paſſure you.

Apleasant Comedy, called

Chris. Gramercy fellow *Onion*: I do thinke well, thou art in loue, art thou?

Oni. Partly sir, but I am ashamed to say wholly.

Chris. Well, I will further it in thee to any honest woman, or maiden, the best I can.

Iunip. Why now you come neere him sir, he doth vaile, He doth remunerate, he doth chaw the cud in the kindnesse Of an honest imperfection to your worship.

Chris. But who is it thou louest fellow *Onion*?

Oni. Mary a poore mans daughter, but none of the honestest, I hope.

Chris. Why, wouldst thou not haue her honest?

Oni. O no, for then I am sure she would not haue me.

Tis *Rachel de Prie*.

Chris. Why, she hath the name of a very vertuous mayden.

Iunip. So shee is sir, but the fellow talkes in quiddits, he.

Chris. What wouldst thou haue me do in the matter?

Oni. Do nothing sir, I pray you, but speake for me.

Chris. In what maner?

Oni. My fellow *Iuniper* can tell you sir.

Iunip. Why as thus sir. Your worship may commend him for a fellow fit for consanguinity, and that he shaketh with desire of procreation, or so.

Chris. That were not so good, me thinkes.

Iunip. No sir, why so sir? what if you should say to her, corroboreate thy selfe sweete soule, let me distinguish thy pappes with my fingers, diuine Mumps, pretty *Pastorella*? lookest thou so sweet and bounteous? comfort my friend here.

Chris. Well I perceiue you wish, I should say something may do him grace, and further his desires, and that be sure I will.

Oni. I thanke you sir, God saue your life, I pray God sir.

Iunip. Your worship is too good to liue long: youle contaminate me, no seruice.

Chris.

I he case is Alterd.

Chris. Command thou wouldst say, no good *Iuniper.*
Iunip. Health and wealth sir.

Exeunt Onion and Iuniper.

Chris. This wench will I solícite for my selfe,
Making my Lord and maister priuy to it;
And if he second me with his consent,
I will proccede, as hauing long ere this,
Though her a worthy choyce to make my wife. *Exit.*

Scene 3.

Enter Aurelia, Phoenixella.

A *Vre.* Roome for a case of matrons coloured blacke,
How motherly my mothers death hath made vs?
I would I had some girles now to bring vp;
O I could make a wench so vertuous,
She should say grace to euery bit of meate,
And gape no wider then a wafers thickenesse:
And she should make French curfies, so most low,
That euery touch should turne her ouer backward.

Phæni. Sister, these words become not your attire,
Nor your estate: our vertuous inothers death
Should print more deepe effects of sorrow in vs,
Then may be worne out in so little time.

Aure. Sister, faith you take too much Tobacco,
It makes you blacke within, as y^e are without.
What true-slich sister? both your sides alike?
Be of a sleighter worke: for of my word,
You shall be sold as deere or rather deerer?
Will you be bound to *customs* and to *rites*?
Shed profitable teares, weepe for aduantage;
Or else, do all things, as you are enclynd.
Hate when your stomacke serues (saith the *Physitian*)
Not at *eleuen* and *sixe*. So if your humour
Be now affected with this heauinesse.

Giue

A pleasant Comedy, called

Giue me the reines and spare not, as I do,
In this my pleasurable appetite,
It is *Precisianisme* to alter that,
With austere iudgement, that is giuen by nature.
I wept you saw too, when my mother dyed :
For then I found it easierto do so,
And fitter with my moode, then not to weepe.
But now tis otherwise, another time
Perhaps I shall haue such deepe thoughts of her,
That I shall weepe a fresh, some twelue month hence,
And I will weepe, if I be so dispos'd,
And put on blacke, as grimly then, as now;
Let the minde go still with the bodies stature,
Iudgement is fit for Iudges, giue me nature.

Scæne. 4.

Enter Aurelia, Phanixella, Francisco, Angelo.

F*Ran.* See Signior *Angelo* here are the Ladies,
Go you and comfort one, Ile to the other.

Ange. Therefore I come sir, I'le to the eldest.
God saue you Ladies, these sad moodes of yours,
That make you choose these solitary walkes,
Are hurtfull for your beauties.

Aure. If we had them.

Ange. Come, that condition might be for your hearts,
When you protest faith, since we cannot see them.
But this same heart of beauty, your sweet face
Is in mine eye still.

Aure. O you cut my heart
with your sharpe eye.

Ange. Nay Lady thats not so, your heart's to hard.

Aure. My beauties hart ?

Ange. O no.

I meane that regent of affection, *Maddam,*

That

The case is Altered.

That tramples on al loue with such contempt
In this faire breast.

Aur. No more, your drift is sauer'd,
I had rather seeme hard hearted

Ang. Then hard sauer'd,
Is that your meaning, Lady?

Aur. Go too fir.

Your wits are fresh I know, they need no spur,

Ang. And therefore you wil ride them.

Aur. Say I doe.

They will not tire I hope?

Ang. No not with you, hark you sweet Lady.

Fran. Tis much pittie Maddam.

You should haue any reason to retaine

This signe of griefe, much lesse the thing disigne.

Phæ. Griefes are more fit for Ladies then their pleasures.

Fran. That is for such as follow nought but pleasures.

But you that temper them so wel with vertues,

Vsing your griefes so it would prooue them pleasures.

And you would seeme in cause of griefes & pleasures equally
pleasant.

Phæ Sir so I do now.

It is the excesse of either that I strue

So much to shun in all my proou'd endeaours,

Although perhaps vnto a generall eye,

I may appeare most wedded to my griefes,

Yet doth my mind forsake no tast of pleasure,

I meane that happy pleasure of the soule,

Deuine and sacred contemplation

Of that eternall, and most glorious blisse,

Proposed as the crowne vnto our soules.

Fran. I will be silent, yet that I may serue

But as a *Decade* in the art of memory

To put you stil in mind of your owne vertues

When your too serious thoughts make you too sad)

Accept me for your seruant honored Lady.

A pleasant Comedy, called

Phœn. Those ceremonies are too comon signior *Francis*,
For your vncommon grauitie, and iudgement,
And fits them onely, that are nought but ceremony.

Ang. Come, I will not sue, stally to be your seruant,
But a new tearme, will you be my refuge?

Aur. Your refuge, why sir.

Ange. That I might fly to you, when all else faile me.

Aur. And you be good at flying, be my Plouer.

Ang. Nay take away the P.

Aur. Tut, then you cannot fly.

Ang. Ile warrant you. Ile borrow *Cupids* wings.

Aur. Masse then I feare me youle do strange things:

I pray you blame me not, if I suspect you,
Your owne confession simply doth detect you,
Nay and you be so great in *Cupids* bookes,
T'will make me Iealous. you can with your looks
(I warrant you) enflame a womans heart,
And at your pleasure take loues golden dart,
And wound the brest of any vertuous maide.
Would I were hence: good Faith I am affraid,
You can constraîne one ere they be aware,
To run mad for your loue?

Ang. O this is rate.

Scæne 6.

Aurelio, Phœnixella, Francisco, Angelo, Count.

C*ount.* Close with my daughters gentlemen? wel done,
Tis like your selues: nay lusty *Angelo*,
Let not my presence make you bauke your sport,
I will not breake a minute of discourse
Twixt you and one of your faire Mistresses.

Ang. One of my mistresses? why thinks your Lordship
I haue so many

Count. Many? no *Angelo*.

The Case is Altered.

I do not thinke th'ast many, some fourteene
I here thou hast, euen of our worthiest dames,
Of any note, in Millaine:

Ang. Nay good my Lord fourteene: it is not so.

Count. By th the Masse that ist, here are their names to shew
Fourteene, or fifteene & one. *Good Angelo.*
You need not be ashamd of any of them,
They are gallants all.

Ang. Sbloud you are such a Lord.

Count. Nay stay sweet *Angelo*, I am disposed *Exit Ang.*
A little to be pleasant past my coustome,
He's gone? he's gone, I haue disgrast him shrewdly,
Daughters take heede of him, he's a wild youth,
Looke what he sayes to you beleue him not,
He will sweare loue to euery one he sees.
Francisco, giue them counsell, good *Francisco*,
I dare trust thee with both, but him with neither.

Fran. Your Lordship yet may trust both them with him.

Exunt.

Scæne 7.

Count. Christopher,

Count. Well goe your waies away, how now *Christopher*,
What newes with you?

Christ. I haue an humble suit to your good Lordship.

Count. A suit *Christopher*? what suit I prithe?

Christ. I would craue pardon at your Lordships hands,
If it seeme vaine or simple in your sight.

Count. Ile pardon all simplicity, *Christopher*,
What is thy suit?

Christ. Perhaps being now so old a batcheler,
I shall seeme halfe vnwise, to bend my selfe
In strict affection to a poore yong maide.

Count. What? is it touching loue *Christopher*?
Art thou disposd to marry, why tis well.

Christo. I, but your Lordship may imagine now
That I being steward of your honours house.

A Pleasant Comedy, called

If I be married once, will more regard
The maintenance of my wife and of my charge,
Then the due discharge of my place and office:

Count. No, no, *Christopher*, I know thee honest.

Christo. Good faith my Lord, your honour may suspect it—
but——

Count. Then I should wrong thee, thou hast ever been
Honest and true, and will be still I knowe.

Chris. I but this marriage alters many men:
And you may feare, it will do me my Lord,
But ere it do so? I will vndergoe
Ten thousand severall deaths.

Count. I know it man.
Who wouldst thou haue I prithee?

Chris. *Rachel de prie*,
If your good Lordship, graunt me your consent.

Count. *Rachel de prie*? what the poore beggers daughter?
Shees a right handsome maide, how poore soeuer,
And thou hast my consent, with all my hart.

Chris. I humbly thanke your honour. Ile now aske her
father. *Exit.*

Count. Do so *Christofero* thou shalt do well.
Tis strange (she being so poore) he should affect her,
But this is more strange that my selfe should loue her.
I spide her, lately, at her fathers doore,
And if I did not see in her sweet face
Gentry and noblenesse, nere trust me more:
But this perswasion, fancie wrought in me,
That fancie being created with her lookes,
For where loue is he thinke his basest object
Gentle and noble: I am farre in loue,
And shall be forc'd to wrong my honest steward,
For I must sue, and seeke her for my selfe;
How much my duetie to my late dead wife,
And my owne deere renowne so ere it swaies,
Ile to her father straight. *Loue hates delays.*

Exit.
Scane

The Case is Altered.

Scène 8.

*Enter Onion, Iuniper, Valentine, Sebastian,
Balthasar, Martino.*

Onion. Come on Ifaith, lets to some exercise or other my hearts:

Fetch the hilts fellow *Iuniper*, wilt thou play: *Exit Martino.*

Iun. I cannot resolute you? tis as I am fitted with the ingenuity, quantity, or quality of the cudgell.

Valen. How dost thou bastinado the poore cudgell with tearmes?

Iuni. O *Ingle*, I haue the phrascs man, and the *Anagrams* and the *Epitaphs*, fitting the mistery of the noble science.

Oni. Ile be hangd & he were not misbegotten of some fencer.

Sebast. Sirrah *Valentine*, you can resolute me now, haue they their maisters of defence in other countries as we haue here in *Italy*?

Valen. O Lord, I, especially they in *Vtopia*, there they performe their prizes and chalenges, with as great cerimony as the *Italian* or any nation else.

Balt. Indeed? how is the manner of it (for gods loue) good *Valeniine*?

Iuni. *Ingle*? I prithee make recourse vnto vs, wee are thy friends and familiars: sweet *Ingle*.

Valen. Why thus sir.

Oni. God a mercy good *Valentine*, nay go on.

Iuni. *Silentiū bonus socius Onionus*, good fellow *Onion* be not so ingenious, and turbulent: so sir? and how? how sweete *Ingle*?

Valen. Marry. first they are brought to the publicke Theater:

Iuni. What? ha? they Theater there

Valen. Theaters? I and plaies to: both tragidy and comedy & set forth with as much state as can be imagined?

Iuni. By Gods so; a man is nobody, till he has trauelled.

A pleasant Comedy, called

Sebast. And how are their plaies? as ours are? extemporall?

Valen. O no? all premeditated things, and some of them very good I faith, my maister vsed to visite them often when he was there.

Balth. Why how are they in a place where any man may see them?

Valen. I, in the common *Theaters*, I tell you. But the sport is at a new play to obserue the sway and variety of oppinion that passeth it. A man shall haue such a confus'd mixture of iudgement, powr'd out in the throng there, as ridiculous, as laughter it selfe: one saies he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing. And sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in fīue yeare at a *Parliament* time or so, will be as deepe myr'd in censuring as the best, and sweare by Gods foote he would neuer stirre his foote to see a hundred such as that is.

Oni. I must trauell to see these things, I shall nere think well of my selfe else.

Iunip. Fellow *Onion*, Ile beare thy charges and thou wilt but pilgrimize it along with me, to the land of *Vtopia*.

Sebast. Why but me thinkes such rookes as these should be asham'd to iudge.

Valen. Not a whit? the rankest stinkard of them all, will take vpon him as peremptory, as if he had writ himselfe *in artibus magister*.

Sebast. And do they stand to a popular censure for any thing they present.

Valen. I euer, euer, and the people generally are very acceptiue and apt to applaud any meritable worke, but there are two sorts of persons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory.

Balth. What be they?

Iunip. I come lets know them.

Oni. It were good they were noted.

Valen. Marry? one is the rude barbarous crue, a people that haue no braines, and yet grounded iudgements, these will hisse
any

The Case is Alterd.

any thing that mounts aboue their grounded capacities. But the other are worth the obseruation, I faith.

Omnes. What be they? what be they?

Valen. Faith a few *Caprichious* gallants.

Iunip. *Caprichious*? stay, that word's for me.

Valen. And they haue taken such a habit of dislike in all things, that they will approue nothing, be it neuer so conceited or elaborate, but sit disperst, making faces, and spitting, wagging their vpright eares and cry filthy, filthy. Simply vttering their owne condition, and vsing their wryed countenances in stead of a vice, to turne the good aspects of all that shall sit neere them, from what they behold.

Enter Martino with cudgels.

Oni. O that's well sayd, lay them downe, come sirs.

Who plaies, fellow *Iuniper*, *Sebastian*, *Balthasar*:

Some body take them vp, come.

Iunip. Ingle *Valentine*?

Valen. Not I sir, I professe it not.

Iunip. *Sebastian*.

Sebast. *Balthasar*.

Balth. Who? I?

Oni. Come, but one bout, Ile giue hem thee, I faith.

Balth. Why, heres *Martino*.

Oni. Foe he, alas he cannot play a whit, man.

Iunip. That's all one: no more could you *in stata quo prius*, *Martino*, play with him, euery man has his beginning and conduction.

Mart. Will you not hurt me fellow *Onion*?

Oni. Hurt thee, no? and I do, put me among pot-hearbs, And chop me to peeces, come on?

Iunip. By your fauor sweet bullies giue them roome, back, so, *Martino*, do not looke so thin vpon the matter.

Oni. Ha, well plaid, fall ouer to my legge now? so, to your guard againe, excellent, to my head now, make home your blow: spare not me, make it home, good, good againe.

Sebast. Why how now *Peter*?

Valen.

Apleasant Comedy, called

Valen. Gods so, *Onion* has caught a bruise.

Iunip. Couragio? be not *caprichious*? what?

Oni. *Caprichious*? not I, I scorn to be *caprichious* for a scrach,
Martino must haue another bout, come.

Val. Seb. Balib. No, no, play no more, play no more.

Oni. Foe, tis nothing, a philip, a deuise, fellow *Iuniper* pri-
thee get me a Plantan, I had rather play with one that had skil
by halfe.

Mart. By my troth, fellow *Onion*, twas against my will.

Oni. Nay that's not so, twas against my head,
But come, weele ha one bout more.

Iunip. Not a bout, not a stroke.

Omnes. No more, no more.

Iunip. Why Ile giue you demonstration, how it came,
Thou openest the dagger to falsifie ouer with the back sword
frick, and he interrupted, before he could fall to the close.

Oni. No, no, I know best how it was better thē any man here,
I felt his play presently: for looke you, I gathered vpon him
thus, thus do you see? for the double locke, and tooke it single
on the head.

Valen. He sayes very true, he tooke it single on the head.

Sebast. Come lets go. *Enter Martino with a cob-web.*

Mar. Here fellow *Onion*, heres a cob-web.

Oni. How? a cob-web *Martino*, I will haue another bout
with you? S'wounds do you first breake my head, and then
giue me a plaister in scorne? come to it, I will haue a bout.

Mart. Gods my witnesse.

Oni. Tut! your witnesse cannot serue.

Iunip. S'bloud? why what, thou art not lunatike, art thou?
and thou bee'st auoide *Mephastophiles*. Say the signe shoud be
in *Aries* now: as it may be for all vs, where were your life? An-
swer me that?

Sebast. Hee sayes well, *Onion*.

Valen. Indeed doo's he.

Iunip. Come, come, you are a foolish *Naturalist*, go, get a
white a of an egge, and a little flax, and close the breach of the
head,

The case is Altered.

head, it is the most conducible thing that can be. *Martin*, do not insinuate vpon your good fortune, but play an honest part and beare away the bucklers.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scène 1.

Enter Angelo solus.

A*Nge.* My yong and simple friend, *Paulo Fernex*,
Bound me with mighty solemne coniurations,
To be true to him, in his loue, to *Rachel*,
And to solícite his remembrance still,
In his enforced absence, much, I faith.
True to my friend in cases of affection?
In womens cases? what a iest it is?
How silly he is, that imagines it!
He is an asse that will keepe promise stricktly
In any thing that checkes his priuate pleasure;
Chiefly in loue. S'bloud am not I a man?
Haue I not eyes that are as free to looke?
And bloud to be enflam'd as well as his?
And when it is so, shall I not pursue
Mine owne loues longings, but preferre my friends?
I tis a good foole, do so, hang me then,
Because I swore, alas, who doo's not know,
That louers periuries are ridiculous?
Haue at thee *Rachel*: Ile go court her sure:
For now I know her father is abroad. *Enter Iaques.*
S'bloud see, he is here, ô what damn'd lucke is this?
This labour's lost, I must by no meanes see him.

ran, dery, dery, Exit.

Scène 2.

Iaques, Christophero.

I*aq.* Mischiefe and hell, what is this man a spirit,
Haunts he my houses ghost? still at my doore?

E

He

A Pleasant Comedy, called

He has beene at my doore, he has beene in,
In my deere doore: pray God my gold be safe.

Enter Christophero.

Gods pittie, heres another. *Rachel, ho Rachel.*

Chris. God saue you honest father.

Iaq. *Rachel*, Gods light, come to me, *Rachel, Rachel!* *Exit.*

Chris. Now in Gods name what ayles he? this is strange!
He loues his daughter so, Ile lay my life,
That hee's afraid, hauing beene now abroad,
I come to seeke her loue vnlawfully.

Enter Iaques.

Iaq. Tis safe, tis safe, they haue not rob'd my treasure.

Chris. Let it not seeme offensiue to you sir.

Iaq. Sir, Gods my life, sir, sir, call me sir.

Chris. Good father here me.

Iaq. You are most welcome sir,

I meant almost; and would your worship speake?
Would you abase your selfe to speake to me?

Chris. Tis no abasing father: my intent
Is to do further honour to you sir
Then onely speake: which is to be your sonne.

Iaq. My gold is in his nostrels, he has smelt it,
Breake breast, breake heart, fall on the earth my entrailes,
With this same bursting admiration!
He knowes my gold, he knowes of all my treasure,
How do you know sir whereby do you guesse?

Chris. At what sir? what ist you meane?

Iaq. I aske, an't please your Gentle worship, how you know?

I meane, how I should make your worship know
That I haue nothing——

To giue with my poore daughter? I haue nothing:
The very aire, bounteous to euery man,
Is scant to me, sir.

Chris. I do thinke good father, you are but poore,

Iaq. He thinkes so, harke, but thinke so:

He thinkes not so, he knowes of all my treasure.

Exit.

Christ.

The case is Altered.

Chris. Poore man he is so ouerjoyed to heare
His daughter may be past his hopes bestowed,
That betwixt feare and hope (if I meane simply)
He is thus passionate.

Enter Iaques.

Iaq. Yet all is safe within, is none without?
No body breake my walles?

Chris. What say you father, shall I haue your daughter?

Iaq. I haue no dowry to bestow vpon her.

Chris. I do expect none, father.

Iaq. That is well,

Then I beseech your worship make no question
Of that you wish, tis too much fauour to me.

Chris. Ile leaue him now to giue his passions breath,
Which being settled, I will fetch his daughter:
I shall but moue too much, to speake now to him.

Exit Christophero.

Iaq. So, hee's gone, would all were dead and gone,
That I might liue with my deere gold alone.

Scæne 3.

Iaques, Count.

Count. Here is the poore old man.

Iaq. Out of my soule another, comes he hither?

Count. Be not dismaid old man, I come to cheere you.

Iaq. To me by heauen,
Turne ribs to brasse, turne voice into a trumper,
To rattle out the battels of my thoughts,
One comes to hold me talke, while th'other robbes me.

Exit.

Count. He has forgot me sure: what should this meane?
He feares authority, and my want of wife
Will take his daughter from him to defame her:
He that hath naught on earth but one poore daughter,
May take this extasie of care to keepe her.

A pleasant Comedy, called

Enter Iaques.

Iaq. And yet tis safe: they meane not to vse force,
But fawning comming. I shall easly know
By his next question, if he thinke me rich,
Whom see I? my good Lord?

Count. Stand vp good father, I call thee not father for thy
age,
But that I gladly wish to be thy sonne,
In honoured marriage with thy beauteous daughter.

Iaq. O, so, so, so, so, so, this is for gold,
Now it is sure, this is my daughters neatnesse,
Makes them beleeueme rich. No, my good Lord,
Ile tell you all; how my poore haplesse daughter
Got that attire she weares from top to toe.

Count. Why father, this is nothing.

Iaq. O yes, good my Lord:

Count. Indeed it is not.

Iaq. Nay sweet Lord pardon me? do not dissemble,
Heare your poore beards man speake; tis requisite
That I (so huge a beggar) make account
Of things that passe my calling: she was borne
To enioy nothing vnderneath the sonne:
But that, if she had more then other beggars
She should be enuied: I will tell you then
How she had all she weares, her warme shooes (God wot)
A kind maide gaue her, seeing her go barefoot
In a cold frosty morning; God requite her,
Her homely stockings

Count. Father, Ile heare no more, thou mou'st too much
With thy too curious answer for thy daughter,
That doth deserue a thousand times as much,
Ile be thy Sonne in law, and she shall weare
Th' attire of Countesses.

Iaq. O good my Lord,
Mock not the poore, remembers not your Lordship,
That pouerty is the precious gift of God.

As

The Case is Altered.

As well as riches, tread vpon me, rather
Then mocke my poorenes.

Count. Rise I say:

When I mocke poorenes, then heauens make me poore.

Enter Nuntius.

Scæne 7.

Nuncio, Count.

N*Vn.* See heres the *Count Fernex*, I will tell him
The haplesse accident of his braue sonne,
That hee may seeke the sooner to redeeme him,

Exit Iaques.

God saue your Lordship.

Count. You are right welcome sir.

Nun. I would I brought such newes as might deserue it.

Count. What, bring you me ill newes?

Nun. Tis ill my Lord,

Yet such as vsuall chance of warre affords,
And for which all men are prepar'd that vse it,
And those that vse it not, but in their friends,
Or in their children.

Count. Ill newes of my sonne?

My deere and onely sonne, Ile lay my soule,
Ayme accurs'd, thought of his death doth wound me,
And the report of it will kill me quite.

Nun. Tis not so ill my Lord.

Count. How then?

Nun. Hee's taken prisoner, and that's all.

Count. That's enough, enough,

I set my thoughts on loue, on seruile loue,
Forget my vertuous wife, feelee not the dangers,
The bands and wounds of mine owne flesh and bloud,
And therein am a mad man: therein plagu'd,
With the most iust affliction vnder heauen.

A pleasant Comedy, called

Is *Maximilian* taken prisoner to?

Nun. My good my Lord, he is return'd with prisoners.

Count. Ist possible, can *Maximilian*?

Returne, and view my face without my sonne,
For whom he swore such care as for himselfe?

Nun. My Lord no care can change the euent of war.

Count. O! in what tempests do my fortunes faile,
Still wrackt with winds more foule and contrary,
Then any northen guesst, or Southerne flawe?

That euer yet inforc't the sea to gape,
And swallow the poore Marchants traffique vp?

First in *Vicenza*, lost I my first sonne;
Next here in *Millaine* my most deere lou'd Lady:

And now my *Paulo*, prisoner to the *French*,
Which last being printed with my other griefes,
Doth make so huge a volume, that my brest
Cannot containe them. But this is my loue!

I must make loue to *Rachel*, heaven hath throwne,
This vengeance on me most deseruedly:

Were it for nought but wronging of my steward.

Nun. My Lord since onely inony may redresse
The worst of this misfortune, be not griued,
Prepare his rancome and your noble sonne
Shall greete your cheered eyes, with the more honour.

Count. I will prepare his rancome: gracious heauen
Grant his imprisonment may be his worst,
Honored and souldier like imprisonment,
And that he be not manacled and made
A drudge to his proude foe. And here I vow,
Neuer to dreame of seeme-les amorous toyes,
Nor aime at other ioy on earth,
But the fruition of my onely sonne.

Exunt

Scène

The Case is Altered.

Scæne 5.

*Enter Iaques with his gold and a scuttle full
of horse-dung.*

Iaq, He's gone : I knew it; this is our hot louer,
I will belecue them! I! they may come in
Like simple woers, and be arrant theeuers,
And I not know them! tis not to be told,
What seruile villanies, men will do for gold,
O it began to haue a huge strong smell,
Which lying so long together in a place;
Ile giue it vent, it shall ha shift inough,
And if the diuell, that enuies all goodnesse,
Haue told them of my gold, and where I kept it,
Ile set his burning nose once more a worke,
To smell where I remou'd it, here it is:
Ile hide and couer it with this horse-dung :
Who will suppose that such a precious nest
Is crownd with such a dunghill excrement?
In my deere life, sleepe sweetly my deere child.
,, Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
,, And thats enough, Rot all hands that come neere thee
Except mine owne. Burne out all eyes that see thee,
Except mine owne. All thoughts of thee be poyson
To their enamor'd harts, except mine owne,
Ile take no leaue, sweet Prince great Emperour,
But see thee euery minute, King of Kings,
Ile not be rude to thee, and turne my backe,
In going from thee, but go backward out:
With my face toward thee, with humble curtisies,
None is wi thin. None ouerlookes my wall.
To haue g old, and to haue it safe, is all.

Exit.

Actus

A pleasant Comedy, called

Actus 3. Scene 1.

*Enter Maximilian, with souldiers Chamount,
Camille, Ferneze, Paco.*

Max. Lord *Chamount* and your valient friend there, I can not say welcome to *Millaine*: your thoughts and that word are not musically, but I can say you are come to *Millaine*.

Pac. Mort diew.

Cha. Gar soone.

Max. Gentlemen (I would call an Emperour so) you are now my prisoners, I am sorry, marry this, spit in the face of your fortunes, for your vsage shall be honorable.

Cam. Wee know it signior *Maximilian*,
The fame of al your actions sounds nought else,
But perfect honour from her swelling cheeks.

Max. It shall do so still I assure you, and I will giue you reason, there is in this last action (you know) a noble gentleman of our party, & a right valient; semblably prisoner to your general, as your honor'd selfe's to me, for whose safety, this tongue hath giuen warrant to his honorable father, the Count *Ferneze*.

You conceiue me.

Cam. I signior.

Max. Well? then I must tell you your ransomes be to redeeme him, what thinke you? your answer.

Cam. Marry with my Lords leaue here I say signior,
This free & ample offer you haue made,
Agrees well with your honour, but not ours:
For I thinke not but *Chamount* is as well borne
As is *Ferneze*, then if I mistake not,
He scornes to haue his worth so vnderprised,
That it should neede an adiunct, in exchange,
Of any equall fortune. Noble Signior?

I am a souldier, and I loue *Chamount*,

Ere I would bruse his estimation,

With the least ruine of mine owne respect,

In this vild kind, these legs should rot with irons,

This

The case is Altered.

This body pine in prison, till the flesh
Dropt from my bones in flakes, like withered leaues,
In heart of *Autumne*, from a stubborne Oke.

Maxi. Mounſieur *Gasper* (I take it ſo is your name) miſ-
priſe me not, I wil trample on the hart, on the ſoule of him that
ſhall ſay, I will wrong you: what I purpoſe, you cannot now
know; but you ſhall know, and doubt not to your content-
ment. Lord *Chamont*, I will leaue you, whileſt I go in and
preſent my ſelfe to the honorable Count, till my regression ſo
pleaſe you, your noble feete may meaſure this priuate, plea-
ſant and moſt princely walke, Souldiers regard them and re-
ſpect them.

Pac. O *Ver bon*: excellent a gull, he tak'a my Lord *Chamont*
for Mounſieur *Gaspra*, & Mounſieur *Gaspra* for my Lord *Cha-*
mont, ô diſ be braue for make a me laugh'a, ha, ha, ha, ô my
heart tickla.

Cam. I but your Lordſhip knowes not what hard fate
Might haue purſued vs, therefore howſoere
The changing of our names was neceſſary
And we muſt now be carefull to maintaine
This error ſtrongly, which our owne deuife,
Hath thruſt into their ignorant conceits,
For ſhould we (on the taſte of this good fortune)
Appeare our ſelues, t'would both create in them
A kinde of iealouſie, and perchaunce inuert
Thoſe honourable courſes they intend.

Cha. True my deere *Gasper*: but this hang by here,
Will (at one time or other) on my ſoule
Diſcouer vs: A ſecret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whoſe doore no ſooner opens, but tis out.
But ſirra, if I may but know
Thou vtterſt it

Pac. Vterria? vat Mounſieur?

Cha. That he is *Gasper*, and I true *Chamont*.

Pac. O pardone moy, fore my tongue ſhall put out de ſecreta,
F Shall

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Shall breede *de cankra* in my mouth.

Count. Speake not so loud *Pacue*.

Pac. Foe, you shall not heare foole, for all your long eare,
Reguard Mounſieur: you be *de Chamont*, *Chamont* be *Gaf-
pra*.

*Enter Count Ferneze, Maximilian, Francesco, Au-
relia, Phoenixella, Finio.*

Cha. Peace, here comes *Maximilian*.

Cam. O belike that's the *Count Ferneze*, that old man.

Cha. Are thoſe his daughters, trow?

Cam. I ſure, I thinke they are.

Cha. Fore God the taller is a gallant Lady.

Cam. So are they both belecue me.

Max. True my honorable Lord, that *Chamont* was the fa-
ther of this man.

Count. O that may be, for when I loſt my ſonne,
This was but yong it ſeemes.

Fran. Faith had *Camillo* liued,
He had bene much about his yeares, my Lord.

Count. He had indeed, well, ſpeake no more of him.

Max. Signior perceiue you the errour? twas no good of-
fice in vs to ſtretch the remembrance of ſo deere a loſſe. *Count*
Ferneze, let ſommer ſit in your eye, looke cheerefully ſweete
Count, will you do me the honour to confine this noble ſpi-
rit within the circle of your armes?

Count. Honor'd *Chamont* reach me your valiant hand,
I could haue wiſht ſome happier accident
Had made the way vnto this mutuall knowledge,
Which either of vs now muſt take of other,
But ſure it is the pleaſure of our fates,
That we ſhould thus be wrack't on Fortunes wheele,
Let vs prepare with ſteeled patience
To tread on torment, and with mindes confirm'd

Wel-

The case is Alterd.

Welcome the worst of enuy.

Max. Noble Lord, tis thus. I haue here (in mine honour) set this gentleman free, without ransome, he is now himselfe, his valour hath deseru'd it, in the eye of my iudgement. Mounseur *Gasper* you are deere to me: *fortuna non mutat genus*. But to the maine, if it may square with your Lordships liking, and his loue, I could desire that he were now instantly imployed to your noble Generall in the exchange of *Fernex* for your selfe, it is the businesse that requires the tender hand of a friend.

Count. I, and it would be with more speed effected, If he would vndertake it.

Max. True my Lord. Mounseur *Gasper*, how stand you affected to this motion?

Cha. My duty must attend his Lordships will.;

Max. What sayes the Lord *Chamont*?

Cam. My will doth then approue what these haue vrg'd.

Max. Why there is good harmony, good musicke in this: Mounseur *Gasper*, you shall protract no time, onely I will giue you a bowle of rich wine to the health of your Generall, another to the successe of your iourney, and a third to the loue of my sword. *(Passe.)*

Exeunt all but Aurelia and Phoenixella.

Aure. Why how now sister in a motley muse?
Go to, thers somewhat in the wind, I see.

Faith this browne study suites not with your blacke,
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours.

Phœn. Good faith me thinkes that this young Lord *Chamont* fauours my mother, sister, does he not?

Aure. A mothelry conceite, ô blind excuse,
Blinder then loue himselfe. Well sister, well.

Cupid hath rane his stand in both your eyes, *The case is alterd.*

Phœn. And what of that?

Aure. Nay nothing but a Saint.

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Another *Bridget*, one that for a face
Would put downe *Vesta*, in whose lookes doth swim,
The very sweetest creame of modesty.
You to turne tippet? fie, fie, will you giue
A packing penny to *Virginity*.
I thought you'd dwell so long in *Cypres Ile*,
You'd worship *Maddam Venus* at the length;
But come, the strongest fall, and why not you?
Nay, do not frowne.

Phœn. Go, go, you foole. Adiew. *Exit.*

Aure. Well I may iest, or so: but *Cupid* knowes
My taking is as bad, or worse then hers.
O Mounſieur *Gasper*? if thou bee'st a man,
Be not affraid to court me, do but speake,
Challenge thy right and weare it: for I sweare
Till thou arriud'st, nere came affection here. *Exit.*

Enter Pacue, Finio.

Fin. Come on my sweet finicall *Pacue*, the very prime
Of Pages, heres an excellent place for vs to practise in,
No body sees vs here, come lets to it. *Enter Onion.*

Pac. Contenta: Reguarde, vou le Preimer.

Oni. Sirra *Finio*?

Pac. Mort deu le pesant.

Oni. Didst thou see *Valentine*?

Finio. *Valentine*? no.

Oni. No?

Finio. No. Sirrah *Onion*, whither goest?

Oni. O I am vext, he that would trust any of these lying
trauellers.

Finio. I prithee stay good *Onion*.

Pac. Mounſieur *Onion*, vene ca, come hidera, le vou prey.
By gar me ha see two, tree, foure hundra towſand of your
Couſan hang. Lend me your hand, shall prey for know you
bettra.

Onion

The Case is Altered.

Oni. I thanke you good signior Parla von? O that I were in an other world, in the *Ingies*, or some where, that I might haue roome to laugh.

Pac. A we fort boon: stand? you be decre now, me come,
Boon iour Mounseieur. *Vnder the arme.*

Fin. God morrow good signior.

Pac. By gar, be mush glad for see you.

Fin. I returne you most kind thanks sir.

Oni. How? how? Sbloud this is rare?

Pac. Nay, shall make you say rare by and by, Reguard
Mounseieur Finio, *The shoulder*

Fin. Signior Pache.

Pac. Dieu vou gard Mounseieur:

Fin. God saue you sweet signior

Pac. Mounseieur Oni? is not fort boon.

Oni. Beane? quoth he, would I were in debt of a pottle of beanes I could do as much.

Fin. Welcome signior, whats next?

Pac. O here, Void de grand admiration, as should meet per-
chance Mounseieur Finio,

Fin. Mounseieur Pacue.

Pac. Iesu? by Gar who thinke wee shall meete here?

Fin. By this hand I am not a little proud of it, sir

Oni. This trick is onely for the the chamber, it cannot be cleanly done abroad,

Pac. Well what say you for dis den? Mounseieur:

Fin. Nay pray, sir.

Pac. Par ma foy vou bein encounters?

Fin. What doe you meane sir, let your gloue alone.

Pac. Comen, se porte la sance.

Fin. Faith exceeding well sir.

Pac. Trot, be mush ioy for heire.

Fin. And how ist with you sweet signior Pache.

Pac. Fat comme vou voyer.

Oni. Yong gentlemen? spirits of bloud, if euer youle tast of a sweet peece of mutton, do Oni on a good. turne now.

Apleasant Comedy, called

Pac. Que que, parla Mounseir, what ist.

Oni. Faith teach me one of these tricks.

Pac. O me shall doe presently, stand you deere, you signior deere, my selfe is here: so fort bein, now I parle to Mounseir *Onion*, *Onion* pratla to you, you speaka to me, so, and as you parle chang the bonet, Mounseir *Onion*.

Oni. Mounseieur *Finio*.

Fin. Mounseur *Pacue*.

Pac. Pray be couera.

Oni. Nay I beseech you sir.

Fin. What do you meane.

Pac. Pardon moy, shall be so,

Oni. O God sir.

Fin. Not I in good faith sir.

Pac. By gar you must.

Oni. It shall be yours.

Fin. Nay then you wrong me,

Oni. Well and euer I come to be great.

Pac. You be big enough for de *Onion* already,

Oni. I meane a great man.

Fin. Then thou'dst be a monster.

Oni. Well God knowes not what fortune may doe, commaund me, vse me from the soule to the crowne, and the crowne to the soule: meaning not onely from the crowne of the head, and the sole of the foot, but also the foote of the mind and the crownes of the purse, I cannot stay now yong gentlemen but ——— time was, time is, and time shall be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chamount, Camillo.

Cha. Sweet *Iasper* I am sorry we must part,
But strong necessity enforceth it.
Let not the time seeme long vnto my friend,
Till my returne for by our loue I swear
(The sacred sphcare wherein our soules are knit)
I will endeaour to effect this busines
With all industrious care and happy speed.

Cam.

The Case is Altered.

Cam. My Lord these circumstances would come well,
To one lesse capable of your desert
Then I: in whom your mirrit is confirmed
With such authentickall and grounded proues.

Cha. Well I will vse no more. *Gasper* adiew.

Cam. Farewell my honored Lord.

Cha. Commend me to the Lady, my good *Gasper*:

Cam. I had remembred that had not you vrgd it.

Cha. Once more adiew sweet *Gasper*.

Cam. My good Lord.

Exit Camillo.

Cha. Thy vertues are more precious then thy name,
Kind gentleman I would not sell thy loue,
For all the earthly obiects that mine eyes,
Haue euer tasted, sure thou art nobly borne,
How euer fortune hath obscurd thy birth:
For natiue honour sparkles in thine eyes,
How may I blesse the time wherein *Chenont*
My honored father did surprise vicensa,
Where this my friend (knownen by no name) was found,
Being then a child and scarce of power to speake,
To whom my father gaue this name of *Gasper*,
And as his owne respected him to death,
Since when wee two haue shard our mutuall fortunes,
With equall spirits, and but deathes rude hand,
No violence shall dissolue this sacred band.

Exit.

Enter Iuniper in his shop singing: to him Onion.

Oni. Fellow *Iuniper*, no more of thy songs and sonets, sweet
Iuniper, no more of thy hymnes and madrigals, thou sing'st, but
I sigh.

Iuni. Whats the matter *Peter* ha? what in an Academy still,
still in fable, and costly black array? ha?

Oni. Prithee rise mount, mount sweet *Iuniper*, for I goe
downe the wind, and yet I puffe: for I am vext.

Iuni. Ha Bully? vext? what intoxicate? is thy braine in a
quentscence

A pleasant Comedy, called

quintessence? an Idea? a metamorphosis? an Apology? ha rogue? come this loue feeds vpon thee, I see by thy cheekes, and drinckes healthes of vermillion, teares I see by thine eyes.

Oni. I confesse *Cupids* carouse, he plaies super negulum with my liquor of life

Iuni. Tut, thou art a goose to be *Cupids* gull, go to, no more of this contemplations, & calculations, mourne not. for *Rachels* thine owne

Oni. For that let the higher powers worke: but sweet *Iuniper*, I am not sad for her, and yet for her in a second person, or if not so, yet in a third.

Iuni. How second person? away, away, in the crotchets already Longitude and Latitude? what second? what person? ha?

Oni. *Iuniper*, Ile bewray my selfe before thee, for thy company is sweet vnto me, but I must entreat thy helping hand in the case.

Iuni. Tut? no more of this surquedry; I am thine owne? ad vngem vpsie freeze: pell mell, come, what case? what case?

Oni. For the case it may be any mans case, as well as mine, *Rachel* I meane, but Ile medle with her anon, in the meane time, *Valentine* is the man hath wrongd me.

Iuni. How? my *Ingle* wrong thee, ist possible?

Oni. Your *Ingle*, hang him infidell, well and if I be not reuengd one him let *Peter Onion* (by the infernall Gods) be turned to a leake or a scalion, I spake to him for a ditty for this handkerchier.

Iuni. Why, has he not done it?

Oni. Done it, not a verse by this hand.

Iuni. O in diebus illis, O preposterous, wel come be blith, the best inditer of the al is somtimes dul, fellow *Onion* pardon mine *Ingle*: he is a man, has impefections and declinations, as other men haue, his masse somtimes cannot caruet nor prognosticat and come of, as it should, no matter, Ile hammer our a parabrass for thee my selfe.

Oni. No sweet *Iuniper*, no danger doth breed delay, loue make:

The case is Altered.

makes me chollericke, I can beare no longer.

Iuni. Not beare? what my mad Meridian slaues? not beare? what?

Oni. *Cupids* burden: tis to heauy, to tollerable, and as for the handkerchire and the posie: I will not trouble thee: but if thou wilt goe with me into her fathers backside, old *Iaques* backside, and speake for me to *Rachel*, I wil not being ratitude, the old man is abroad and all.

Iuni. Art thou sure on't.

Oni. As sure as an obligation.

Iuni. Lets away then, come we spend time in a vaine circumference, trade I cashire thee til to morrow, fellow *Onion* for thy sake I finish this workiday.

Oni. God a mercy, and for thy sake Ile at any time make a holiday.

Exunt.

Enter Angelio, Rachel.

Ang. Nay I prithee *Rachel*, I come to comfort thee, Be not so sad.

Rach. O signior *Angelo*,
No comfort but his presence can remoue,
This sadnesse from my heart.

Ang. Nay then y'are fond,
And want that strength of iudgement and e lection,
That should be attendant on your yeares and forme,
Will you, because your Lord is taken prisoner,
Blubber and weepe and keepe a peeuih stirre,
As though you would turne turtle with the newes,
Come, come, be wise. Sblood say your Lord should die?
And you goe marre your face as you begin,
What would you doe trow? who would care for you;
But this it is, when nature will bestow
Her gifts on such as know not how to vse them,
You shall haue some that had they but one quarter
Of your faire beauty? they would make it shew

G.

A

A pleasant Comedy, called

A little otherwise then you do this,
Or they would see the painter twice an hower,
And I commend them I, that can vse art,
With such iudiciall practise.

Rach. You talke iedly,
If this be your best comfort keepe it still,
My sences cannot feede on such sower cates.

Ang. And why sweet heart.

Rach. Nay leaue good signior.

Ang. Come I haue sweeter vyands yet in store.

Enter Onion and Iuniper:

Iuni. I in any case mistres *Rachel*.

Ang. *Rachel*?

Rach. Gods pittie signior *Angelo*, I here my father, away
for Gods sake.

Ang. S'bloud, I am betwixt, I thinke, this is twice now, I
haue been serued thus. *Exit*

Rach. Pray God he meet him not.

Exit Rachel.

Oni. O braue? she's yonder, O terrible shee's gone.

Iuni. Yea? so nimble in your *Dilemma's*, and your *Hiperbole's*
Hay my loue? O my loue, at the first sight: By the masse:

Oni. O how she skudded, O sweet scud, how she tripped, O
delicate trip and goe.

Iuni. Come thou art enamored with the influence of her
profundity, but firrah harke a little.

Oni. O rare, what? what? passing Ifaith, what ist? what ist?

Iuni. What wilt thou say now, if *Rachel* stand now, and play
hity tity through the keyhole, to behold the equipage of thy
person:

Oni. O sweet equipage, try good *Iuniper*, tickle her, talke,
talke, O? rare

Iuni. Mistris *Rachel* (watch then if her father come)

Rachel? *Madona?* *Rachel?*

No.

Oni. Say I am here, *Onion* or *Peter* or so.

Iuni:

The Case is Altered.

Iuni. No, Ile knock, wee le not stand vpon Horizons, and tricks, but fall roundly to the matter.

Oni. Well said sweet *Iuniper*: Horizons? hang hem? knock, knock.

Rach. Whose there? father.

Iuni. Father no? and yet a father, if you please to be a mother.

Oni. Well said *Iuniper*, to her againe, a smack or two more of the mother

Iuni. Do you here? sweet soule, sweet radamant? sweet mathauell one word *Melpemine*? are you at leasure.

Rach. At leasure? what to doe?

Iuni. To doe what, to doe nothing, but to be liable to the extasie of true lones exigent, or so, you smell my meaning.

Oni. Smell, filthy, fellow *Iuniper* filthy? smell? O most odious.

Iuni. How filthy.

Oni. Filthy, by this finger? smell? smell a rat, smel a pudding, away these tricks are for truls, a plaine wench lones plaine dealing, ile vpon my selte, smel to march paine wench.

Iuni. With all my heart, Ile be legitimate and silent as an apple-squire, Ile see nothing, and say nothing.

Oni. Sweet hart, sweet hart?

Iuni. And bag pudding, ha, ha, ha?

Iaq. What *Rachel* my girle what *Rachel*;

Within

Oni. Gods lid?

Iaq. What *Rachel*, }

Within

Rach. Here I am }

Oni. What rakehell cals *Rachel*: O treason to my loue.

Iuni. Its her father on my life, how shall wee entrench and edifie our selues from him?

Oni. O conni-catching *Cupid*.

Enter Iagues.

Iaq. How in my back side? where? what come they for?

Onion gets vp into a tree.

Where are they? *Rachel*? theeues, theeues?

Stay villaine slaue: *Rachel*? vntye my dog:

A pleasant Comedy, called

Nay theife thou canst not scape.

Iuni. I pray you sir.

Oni. A pitifull *Onion*, that thou hadst a rope.

Iaq. Why *Rachel*: when I say: let loose my dog?
garlique my mastiue, let him loose I say.

Iuni. For Gods sake here me speake, keepe vp your cur.

Oni. I feare not garlique, heele not bite *Onion* his kins-
man pray God he come out, and then theile not smell me.

Iaq. well then deliuer, come deliuer slaue?

Iuni. What should I deliuer?

Iaq. O thou wouldst haue me tell thee? wouldst thou shew
me thy hands, what hast thou in thy hands?

Iuni. Here be my hands.

Iaq. Stay are not thy fingers ends begrimd with durt, no
thou hast wipt them.

Iuni. Wipt them?

Iaq. I thou villaine? thou art a subtile knaue, put off thy
shewes, come I will see them, giue me a knife here *Rachel*, Ile
rip the soles.

Oni. No matter he's a cobbler, he can mend them.

Iuni. What are you mad? are you detestable, would you
make an Anatomy of me, thinke you I am not true Ortogra-
phie?

Iaq. Ortographie, Anatomy?

Iuni. For Gods sake be not so inuiolable, I am no ambusca-
do, what predicament call you this, why do you intumate so
much.

Iaq. I can feele nothing.

Oni. Bir Lady but *Onion* feesles something.

Iaq. Soft sir, you are not yet gon; shake your legs, come,
and your armes, be briefe, stay let me see these drums, these kil-
derkins, these bombard slops, what is it crams hem so.

Iuni. Nothing but haire.

Iaq. Thats true, I had almost forgot this rug, this hedghogs
nest, this haymowe, this beares skin, this heath, this first bush.

Iuni. O let me goe, you teare my haire, you reuolue my
braines.

The Case is Altered.

braines and vnderstanding.

Iaq. Heart, thou art somewhat eas'd? halfe of my feare
Hath tane his leaue of my, the other halfe
Still keepes possession in dispight of hope,
Vntill these amorous eyes, court my faire gold:
Deare I come to thee: friend, why art not gone?
Auoide my soules vexation, Sathan hence?
Why doest thou stare on me, why doest thou stay?
Why por'st thou on the ground with theeuiſh eyes?
What ſee'st thou there, thou curre? what gap'st thou at?
Hence from my house, *Rachel*, ſend garlick forth.

Iunip. I am gone ſir, I am gone, for Gods ſake ſtay.

Exit Iuniper.

Iaq. Pack, and thanke God thou ſcap'st ſo well away.

Oni. If I ſcape this tree, deſtinies, I deſie you.

Iaq. I cannot ſee by any Characters
Writ on this earth, that any fellow foote
Hath tane acquaintance of this hallowed ground.
None ſees me: knees do homage to your Lord.
Tis ſafe, tis ſafe, it lyes and ſleepes ſo ſoundly,
T would do one good to looke on't. If this bliſſe
Be giuen to any man that hath much gold,
Juſtly to ſay tis ſafe, I ſay tis ſafe.
O what a heavenly round theſe two words dance
Within me and without me: Firſt I thinke hem,
And then I ſpeake hem, then I watch their ſound,
And drinke it greedily with both mine eares,
Then thinke, then ſpeake, then drinke their ſound againe,
And racket round about this bodie's court.
Theſe two ſweet words: *tis ſafe*: ſay I will feed
My other ſences, o how ſweet it ſmells.

Oni. I marle he ſmells not *Onion*, being ſo neere it.

Iaq. Downe to thy graue againe, thou beauteous Ghoſt,
Angels men ſay, are ſpirits: Spirits be
Inuiſible, bright angels are you ſo?
Be you inuiſible to euery eye.

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Saue onely these : Sleepe, Ile not breake your rest,
Though you breake mine : Deare Saints adiew, adiew :
My feete part from you, but my soule dwels with you.

Exit.

Oni. Is he gone? ô Fortune my friend, & not fortune my foe,
I come downe to embrace thee, and kisse thy great toe.

Enter Iuniper.

Iunip. Fellow *Onion*? *Peter.*

Oni. Fellow *Iuniper.*

What's the old panurgo gone? departed, cosmograsied, ha?

Oni. O I, and harke Sirrah. / Shall I tell him? no.

Iunip. Nay, be brieft and declare, stand not vpon conodrums now, thou knowest what contagious speeches I haue suffered for thy sake and he should come againe and inuent me here.

Oni. He saies true, it was for my sake, I will tell him.
Sirra *Iuniper*? and yet I will not.

Iunip. What sayest thou sweete *Onion*?

Oni. And thou hadst smelt the sent of me, when I was in the tree, thou wouldest not haue said so: but Sirra, *The case is altered* with me, my heart has giuen loue a box of the eare, made him kicke vp the heeles I faith.

Iunip. Sayest thou me so, wad Greeke? how haps it? how chances it.

Oni. I cannot hold it, *Iuniper*, haue an eye, looke, haue an eye to the doore, the old prouerbs true, I see: gold is but mucke. Nay Gods so *Iuniper* to the doore, an eye to the maine chance, here you slaue, haue an eye.

Iunip. O inexorable! ô infallible! ô infricate deuine, and superficiall fortune.

Oni. Nay, it will be sufficient anon, here, looke heere.

Iunip. O insolent good lucke! How didst thou produce th'intelligence of the gold' mynerals.

Oni. Ile tell you that anon, heere, make shift, conuey, cramme.

Ile teach you how you shall call for garlike againe I faith.

Oni.

The case is Alterd.

Iunip. S'bloud what shall we do with all this? we shall nere bring it to a consumption.

Oni. Consumption? why weelee bee most sumptuously attir'd, man.

Iunip. By this gold, I will haue three or foure most stigmaticall suites presently.

Oni. Ile go in my foot-cloth, Ile turne Gentleman.

Iunip. So will I.

Oni. But what badge shall we giue, what cullison?

Iunip. As for that lets vse the infidelity and commiseration of some harrot of armes, he shall giue vs a gudgeon.

Oni. A gudgeon? a scutcheon thou wouldst say, man.

Iunip. A scutcheon or a gudgeon, all is one.

Oni. Well, our armes be good inough, lets looke to our legges.

Iunip. Content, weelee be iogging.

Oni. *Rachel?* we retire: garlike God boy ye.

Iunip. Farewell sweete *Iaques.*

Oni. Farewell sweete *Rachel*, sweet dogge adiew. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maximilian, Count Ferneze, Aurelia, Phoenixella, Pache.

Max. Nay but sweet *Count.*

Count. Away, Ile heare no more,
Neuer was man so palpably abusd,
My sonne so basely marted; and my selfe
Am made the subiect of your mirth and scorne.

Max. *Count Ferneze* you tread to hard vpon my patience,
Do not persist I aduise your Lordship.

Count. I will persist, and vnto thee I speake.
Thou *Maximilian* thou hast iniur'd me.

Max. Before the Lord:

Aur. Sweet signior.

Phœ. O my father.

Max. Lady let your father thank your beauty.

Pachæ.

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Pac. By gar me shall be hang for tella dis same,
Me tella madamoyfelle, she tell her fadera.

Count. The true *Chamont* set free, and one left here
Of no descent, clad barely in his name.

Sirrah boy come hither, and be sure, you speake the simple
truth:

Pac. O pardone moy mounseieur,

Count. Come leaue your pardons, and directly say.
What villaine is the same that hath vsurpt,
The honor'd name and person of *Chamont*:

Pac. O Mounseieur, no point villaine, braue Cheualier,
Mounseieur *Gasper*.

Count. Mounseieur *Gasper*, on what occasion did they change
their names, what was their policy, or their pretext.

Pac. Me canno tell, par ma foy Mounseieur.

Max. My honorable Lord.

Count. Tut tut, be silent.

Max. Silent? *Count Ferneze*, I tell thee if *Amurath* the great
Turke were here I would speake, and he should heare me.

Count. So will not I.

Max. By my fathers hand, but thou shalt *Count*, I say till
this instant, I was neuer toucht in my reputation: here me you
shall knowe that you haue wrongd me, and I wil make you ac-
knowledge it, if I cannot my sword shall.

Count. By heauen I will not, I will stop mine eares,

My fences loath the Sauour of thy breath.

Tis poyson to me, I say I will not heare.

What shall I know, tis you haue iniurd me,

What will you make? make me acknowledge it.

Fetch forth that *Gasper*, that lewd counterfeite.

Enter seruing with Camillo.

Ile make him to your face approue your wrongs.

Come on false substance, shadow to *Chamont*:

Had you none else to worke vpon but me,

Was I your fittest proiect? well confesse,

What you intended by this secret plot.

And

The case is Altered.

And by whose policy it was contriu'd,
Speake truth, and be intreated courteously,
But double with me, and resolute to proue
The extremest rigor that I can inflict.

Cam. My honor'd Lord, heare me with patience,
Nor hope of fauour, nor the feare of torment,
Shall sway my tongue, from vttring of a truth.

Count. Tis well, proceed then.

Cam. The morne before this battell did begin,
Wherein my Lord *Chamount* and I were tane,
We vow'd one mutuall fortune, good or bad,
That day should be imbraced of vs both,
And vrging that might worst succcede our vow,
We there concluded to exchange our names.

Count. Then *Maximilian* tooke you for *Chamount*.

Cam. True noble Lord.

Count. Tis false, ignoble wretch,
Twas but a complot to betray my sonne.

Max. *Count*, thou lyest in thy bosome, *Count*:

Count. Lye?

Cam. Nay I beseech you honor'd gentlemen,
Let not the vntimely ruine of your loue,
Follow these sleight occurents; be assured
Chamounts returne will heale these wounds againe,
And breake the points of your too piercing thoughts.

Count. Returne? I when? when will *Chamount* returne?
Heele come to fetch you, will he? I tis like,
You'd haue me thinke so, that's your policy.
No, no, yong gallant, your deuce is stale,
You cannot feed me with so vaine a hope.

Cam. My Lord, I feede you not with a vaine hope,
I know assuredly he will returne,
And bring y our noble sonne along with him.

Max. I, I dare pawne my soule he will returne.

Count. O impudent diuision? open scorne?
Intollerable wrong? is't not inough?

A pleasant Comedy, called

That you haue plaid vpon me all this while;
But still to mocke me, still to iest at me?
Fellowes, away with him, thou ill-bred slaue,
That sets no differencetwixt a noble spirit,
And thy owne slauish humour, do not thinke
But ile take worthy vengeance on thee, wretch?

Cam. Alas, these threats are idle, like the wind,
And breed no terror in a guiltlesse mind.

Count. Nay, thou shalt want no torture, so resolute, bring
him away.

Cam. Welcome the worst, I suffer for a friend,
Your tortures will, my loue shall neuer end.

Exeunt.

Manent Maximillian, Aurelia, Phoenixella, Pacue.

Phoen. Alas poore gentleman, my fathers rage
Is too extreame, too sterne and violent!
O that I knew with all my strongest powers,
How to remoue it from thy patient breast,
But that I cannot, yet my willing heart,
Shall minister in spite of tyranny
To thy misfortune, something there is in him,
That doth enforce this strange affection,
With more then common rapture in my breast:
For being but *Gasper*, he is still as deare
To me, as when he did *Chamount* appeare. *Exit Phoenixella.*

Aure. But in good sadnesse Signior, do you thinke *Chamount* will returne?

Max. Do I see your face, Lady?

Aure. I sure, if loue haue not blinded you.

Max. That is a question, but I will assure you no, I can
see, and yet loue is in mine eye: well, the *Count* your father
simply hath dishonor'd me: and this Steele shall engraue it on
his burgonet.

Aure. Nay, sweet Signior.

Max. Lady, I do preferre my reputation to my life,
But you shall rule me, come lets march.

Exit Maximillian.

Aure.

The case is Alterd.

Aure. Ile follow Signior, ô sweet Queene of loue !
Soueraigne of all my thoughts, and thou faire fortune,
Who (more to honour my affections)
Hast thus translated *Gasper* to *Chamount*.
Let both your flames now burne in one bright speare;
And giue true light to my aspiring hopes,
Hasten *Chamounts* returne, let him affect me,
Though father, friends, and all the world reiect me.

Exit.

Enter Angelo, Christopher.

Ange. Sigh for a woman, would I fould mine armes,
Raue in my sleepe, talke idly being awake,
Pine and looke pale, make loue-walkes in the night,
To steale cold comfort from a day-starres eyes.
Kit, thou art a foole, wilt thou bewise ? then lad
Renounce this boy-gods nice idolatry,
Stand not on complement, and wooing trickes,
Thou louest old *Iaques* daughter, doest thou ?

Chris. Loue her ?

Ange. Come, come, I know't, be rul'd and shees thine owne,
Thou't say her father *Iaques*, the old begger,
Hath pawnd his word to thee, that none but thou,
Shalt be his sonne in law.

Chris. He has.

Ange. He has ? wilt thou beleue him, and be made a kooke,
To waite on such an antique wethercocke;
Why he is more inconstant then the sea,
His thoughts, *Cameleon*-like, change euery minute:
No *Kit*, worke soundly, steale the wench away,
Wed her, and bed her, and when that is done,
Then say to *Iaques*, shall I be your sonne ?
But come to our deuise, where is this gold ?

Chris. Heere Signior *Angelo*.

Ange. Bestow it, bid thy hands shed golden drops,
Let these bald french crownes be vncovered,

A Pleasant Comedy, called

In open sight, to do obeysance.

To *Iaques* staring eyes when he steps forth,

The needy beggar will be glad of gold.

So, now keepe thou aloofe, and as he treades

This guilded path, stretch out his ambling hopes,

With scattering more & more, & as thou go'st, cry *Iaques, Iaques*

Chris. Tuth, let me alone.

Ang. First ile play the ghost, Ile cal him out, *Kit* keep aloofe.

Chris. But Signior *Angelo*. Where wil your selfe and *Rachel* stay for me, after the iest is ended?

Ang. Masse, that's true, at the old Priory behinde *S. Foyes*.

Chris. Agreed, no better place, ile meete you there.

Ang. Do good foole, do, but ile not meete you there.

Now to this geere, *Iaques, Iaques*, what *Iaques*?

{ within } *Iaq.* Who cals? whose there? *Ang.* *Iaques*.

{ within } *Iaq.* Who cals?

Ang. Steward, he comes, he comes *Iaques*. Enter *Iaques*.

Iaq. What voice is this? no body here, was I not cald? I was.

And one cride *Iaques* with a hollow voyce,

I was deceiu'd, no I was not deceiu'd,

See see, it was an Angell cald me forth,

Gold, gold, man-making gold, another starre,

Drop they from heauen, no, no, my house I hope

Is haunted with a Fairy. My deere Lar,

My household God, My Fairy on my knees.

Chris. *Iaques*.

Exit *Christopher*.

Iaq. My Lar doth call me, ô sweet voyce,

Musicall as the spheares, see, see, more gold.

{ within } *Chris.* *Iaques*.

Enter *Rachel*.

Iaq. What *Rachel*, *Rachel*, lock my doore, looke to my house.

{ within } *Chris.* *Iaques*.

Iaq. Shut fast my doore, a golden crowne, *Iaques* shall be a king.

Exit.

Ang. To a fooles paradise that path will bring

Thee and thy household Lar.

Rach. What means my father, I wonder what strange humor.

Ang.

The Case is Altered.

Ange. Come sweete soule, leaue wondring, start not, twas I
laid this plot to get thy father forth.

Rach. O *Angelo*.

Ange. O me no oo's, but heare, my Lord your loue,
Paulo Fernexe is returnd from warre,
Lingers at *Pont Valeria*, and from thence
By post at midnight last, I was coniu'd
To man you thither, stand not on replies,
A horse is saddled for you, will you go,
And I am for you, if you will stay, why so.

Rach. O *Angelo*, each minute is a day till my *Fernexe* come,
come weele away sir.

Ange. Sweet soule I guesse thy meaning by thy lookes,
At *pont Valerio* thou thy loue shalt see,
But not *Fernexe*, Steward fare you well.

You wait for *Rachel* to, when can you tell? *Exeunt. Enter Ia.*

Ia. O in what golden circle haue I dan't?
Millaine these od'rous and enfloured fields
Are none of thine; no heres *Elizium*,
Heere blessed ghosts do walke, this is the Court
And glorious palace where the God of gold
Shines like the sonne, of sparkling maiesty;
O faire fethered, my red-brested birds,
Come flye with me, ile bring you to a quier,
Whose consort being sweetned with your sound:

The musique will be fuller, and each hower
These eares shall banquet with your harmony ô, ô, ô, *Enter*

Chris. At the old priorie, behind Saint Foyes,
That was the place of our appointment sure:
I hope he will not make me loose my gold,
And mock me to, perhaps they are within: Ile knock.

Ia. O God, the case is altered.

Chris. *Rachel?* *Angelo?* Signior *Angelo?*

Ia. *Angels?* I where? mine *Angels?* wher's my gold?

Why *Rachel?* O thou theeuish Canibal,
Thou eatest my flesh in stealing of my gold.

A pleasant Comedy, called

Chris. What gold?

Iaq. What gold? *Rachel* call help, come forth,
Ile rip thine entrailes, but ile haue my gold:
Rachel why comes thou not? I am vndone,
Ay me she speakes not, thou hast slaine my child.

Exit

Chris. What is the man posselst trow? this is strange,
Rachel I see is gone with *Angelo*:
Well ile once againe vnto the priory,
And see if I can meete them.

Exit Christopher,

Iaq. Tis too true,
Th'ast made away my child, how hast my gold:

Enter Iaques,

O what *Hienna* cald me out of dores,
The theife is gone: my gold's gone, *Rachels* gone,
Al's gone? saue I that spend my cries in vaine,
But ile hence too, and die or end this paine.

Exit.

Enter Iuniper, Onion, Fimo, Valentine.

Iuni. Swonds, let me goe, hay catto, catch him aliue,
I call, I call, boy, I come, I come sweet heart:

Oni. Page hold my rapier, while I hold my freind here.

Valen. O heer's a sweet metamorphosis, a cupple of buz-
zards turn'd to a paire of peacocks.

Iuni. Signior *Onion*, lend me thy boy to vnhang my rapier:

Oni. Signior *Iuniper* for once or so, but troth is, you must inuei-
gle, as I haue done, my Lords page here a poor folower of mine.

Iuni. Hei ho, your page then sha' not be superintendent
vpon me? he shall not be addicted? he shall not be incident?
he shall not be incident? he shall not be incident, shall he?

Fin. O sweet signior *Iuniper*.

He foynes

Iuni. Sbloud stand away princocks? do not aggrauate my ioy.

Valen. Nay good Maister. *Onion.*

Oni. Nay and he haue the heart to draw my bloud, let
him come.

Iuni. Ile slice you *Onion*, Ile slice you?

Oni. Ile cleaue you *Iuniper*.

Valen. Why hold, hold, hough? what do you meane?

Iuni. Let him come *Ingle*, stand by boy, his allebaster blad
cannot

cannot feare me.

Fin. Why heare you sweet signior, let not there be any contrétion, betweene my Maister & you, about me, if you want a page fir, I can helpe you to a proper stripling.

Iuni. Canst thou? what parentage? what ancestry? what genealogy is he?

Fin. A french boy fir.

Iuni. Has he his French linguist? has he? *Fin.* I, fir.

Iuni. Then transport him: her's a crusado for thee.

Oni. You will not, imbecell my servant with your beneuolence will you, hold boy their's a portmantu for thee.

Fin. Lord fir.

On. Do take it boy, its three pounds ten shill. a portmantu.

Fin. I thanke your Lordship. *Exit Finio.*

Iuni. Sirrah *Ningle*: thou art a traoueller, and I honour thee. I prithee discourse? cherish thy muse? discourse?

Valen. Of what fir?

Iuni. Of what thou wilt. Sbloud? hang sorrow?

Oni. Prithy *Valentine* assoile me one thing.

Valen. Tis pittie to soile you fir, your new apparell.

On. Masse thou saist true, a parel makes a man forget himself.

Iun. Begin, find your tongue *Ningle*.

Val. Now will gull these ganders rarely:

Gentlemen hauing in my peregrinatiõ through Mesopotamia.

Iun. Speake legibly, this gam's gone, without the great mercy of God,

Heres a fine tragedy indeed. Thers a Keisars royall.

By Gods lid, nor King nor Keisar shall?

Enter Finio, Pacue, Balt. Martino.

Balt. Where? where? *Finio*, where be they?

Iun. Go to, ile be with you anon.

Oni. O her's the page signior *Iuniper*:

Iun. What sayth monsier *Onion*, boy.

Fin: What say you fir. *Iuni.* Tread out boy.

Fin: Take vp, you meane fir.

Iun. Tread out I say, so, I thanke you, is this the boy.

Pacue,

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Pac. Aue mounſieur. *Iuni.* Who gaue you that name?

Pac. Giue me de name, vat name?

Oni. He thought your name had been, we yong gentlemen, you muſt do more then his legges can do for him, beare with him fir.

Iuni. Sirrah giue me inſtance of your carriage? youle ſerue my turne, will you? *Pac.* What? turne vpon the toe.

Fin. O ſignior no.

Iuni. Page will you follow me, ile giue you good exhibition.

Pac. By gar, ſhal not alone follow you, but ſhal leade you to.

Oni. Plaguie boy, he ſooths his humour? theſe french villaines ha pockie wits.

Iuni. Here? diſarme me? take my ſemitary.

Valen. O rare, this would be a rare man, and he had a little trauell, *Balthaſar*, *Martino*, put off your ſhooes, and bid him coble them.

Iuni. Freinds, friends, but pardon me for fellows, no more in occupation, no more in corporation, tis ſo pardon me, the caſe is alterd, this is law, but ile ſtand to nothing.

Pac. Fat ſo me tinke.

Iuni. Well then God ſaue the dukes Maiesty, is this any harme now? ſpeake, is this any harme now.

Oni. No nor good neither, Sbloud?

Iuni. Do you laugh at me? do you laugh at me? do you laugh at me? *Valen.* I fir, we do.

Iunip. You do indeed? *Valen.* I indeed fir.

Iuni. Tis ſufficient, Page carry my purſe, dog me? *Exit.*

Oni. Gentlemen leaue him not, you ſee in what caſe he is, he is not in aduerſity, his purſe is full of money, leaue him not?

Enter Angelo with Rachel.

Exeunt

Ang. Nay gentle *Rachel*?

Rach. Away? forbear? vngentle *Angelo*,
Touch not my body, with thoſe impious hands,
That like hot Irons feare my trembling heart,
And make it hiſſe, at your diſloyalty.
Was this your drift? to vſe *Fernexes* name?

Enter Chamount
Paulo Fernexe.

Ang.

The Case is Altered.

Was he your fittest state, ô wild dishonor! *Pau.* Stay noble Sir,

Ange. Sbloud how like a puppet do you talke now?
Dishonor? what dishonor? come, come, foole,
Nay then I see y'are peeuish, S'heart dishonor?
To haue you a topriest and marry you,
And put you in an honorable state.

Rach. To marry me? ô heauen, can it be?
That men should liue with such vnfeeling soules,
Without or touch or conscience of religion,
Or that their warping appetites should spoile
Those honor'd formes, that the true scale of friendship
Had set vpon their faces.

Ange. Do you heare? what needs all this? say, will you haue
me, or no?

Rach. Il'e haue you gone, and leaue me, if you would.

Ange. Leaue you? I was accurst to bring you hither,
And make so faire an offer to a foole.
A pox vpon you, why should you be coy,
What good thing haue you in you to be proud of?
Are y'any other then a beggars daughter?
Because you haue beauty. O Gods light a blast.

Pau. I Angelo.

Ange. You scornfull baggage, I lou'd thee not so much,
but now I hate thee.

Rach. Vpon my knees, you heauenly powers, I thanke you,
That thus haue tam'd his wild affections.

Ange. This will not do, I must to her againe,
Rachel, ô that thou sawst my heart, or didst behold,
The place from whence that scalding sigh euented.

Rachel, by Iesu I loue thee as my soule, *Rachel,* sweet *Rachel.*

Rach. What againe returnd vnto this violent passion.

Ange. Do but heare me, by heauen I loue you *Rachel.*

Rach. Pray forbear, ô that my Lord *Ferneze* were but here.

Ange. Sbloud and he were, what would he do.

Pau. This would he do base villaine. *Rach.* My deere Lord,

Pau. Thou monster, euen the soule of trechery!

O what dishonord title of reproch,
May my tongue spit in thy deserued face?

A pleasant Comedy, called

He thinkes my very presence should inuert,
The steeled organs of those traytrous eyes,
To take into thy heart, and pierce it through:
Turn'st thou them on the ground? wretch, dig a graue,
With their sharppoints, to hide th'abhorred head;
Sweet loue, thy wrongs haue beene too violent
Since my departure from thee, I perceiue:
But now true comfort shall againe appeare,
And like an armed angell guard thee safe
From all th'assaults of couered villany.
Come Mounſieur, let's go, & leaue this wretch to his despaire.

Ange. My noble *Ferneze*.

Pau. What canst thou speake to me, and not thy tongue,
Forc't with the torment of thy guilty soule
Breake that infected circle of thy mouth,
Like the rude clapper of a crazed bell.
I, that in thy bosome lodg'd my soule,
With all her traine of secrets, thinking them
To be as safe, and richly entertained,
As in a Princes court, or tower of strength,
And thou to proue a traitor to my trust,
And basely to expose it, ô this world!

Ange. My honorable Lord.

Pau. The very owle, whō other birds do stare & wonder at,
Shall hoot at thee, and snakes in euery bush
Shall deafe thine eares with their---

Cha. Nay good my Lord, giue end vnto your passions.

Ange. You shall see, I will redeeme your lost opinion.

Rach. My Lord beleeeue him.

Cha. Come, be sarisfied, sweet Lord you know our haste,
Let vs to horse, the time for my engaged returne is past;
Be friends againe; take him along with you.

Pau. Come signior *Angelo*, hereafter proue more true. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Ferneze, Maximillian, Francesco.

Count. Tut *Maximillian*, for your honor'd selfe,
I am perswaded, but no words shall turne
The edge of purposed vengeance on that wretch,
Come, bring him forth to execution.

Enter.

The Case is Altered.

Enter Camillo bound, with servants

Ile hang him for my sonne, he shall not scape,
Had he an hundred liues: Tell me vile slaue,
Thinkest thou I loue my sonne? is he my flesh?
Is he my bloud, my life? and shall all these be torturd for thy
sake, and not reueng'd? trusse vp the villaine.

Max. My Lord, there is no law to confirme this action.
Tis dishonorable. *Count.* Dishonorable? *Maximillian?*
It is dishonorable in *Chamount*, the day of his prefixt returne
is past, and he shall pay fort. *Cam.* My Lord, my Lord,
Vse your extreamest vengeance, ile be glad
To suffer ten times more, for such a friend.

Count. O resolute and peremptory wretch!

Fran. My honored Lord, let vs intreat a wor d.

Count. Ile heare no more, I say he shall not liue,
My selfe will do it. Stay, what forme is this
Stands betwixt him and me, and holds my hand.
What miracle is this? tis my owne fancy;
Carues this impression in me, my soft nature,
That euer hath retaind such foolish pittie,
Of the most abiect creatures misery,
That it abhorres it, what a child am I
To haue a child? Ay me, my son, my son. *Enter Christophero.*

Chris. O my deere loue, what is become of thee?
What vniust absence layest thou on my brest,
Like waights of lead, when swords are at my backe,
That run me through with thy vnkind flight,
My gentle disposition waxeth wild,
I shall run frantike, ô my loue, my loue. *Enter Iaques.*

Iaq. My gold, my gold, my life, my soule, my heauen,
What is become of thee? see, ile impart
My miserable losse to my good Lord,
Let me haue search my Lord, my gold is gone.

Count. My sonne, *Christophero*, thinkest it possible,
I euer shall behold his face againe.

Chris. O father wher's my loue, were you so carelesse
To let an vnthrif steale away your child?

Iaq. I know your Lordship may find out my gold,

A pleasant Comedy, called

For Gods sake pittie me, iustice, sweet Lord.

Count Now they haue yong *Chamount*? *Christophere*?
Surely they neuer will restore my sonne.

Chris. Who would haue thought you could haue beene so carelesse to loose your onely daughter.

Iaq. Who would thinke,
That looking to my gold with such hares eyes,
That euer open, I euen when thy sleepe,
I thus should loose my gold, my noble Lord, what saies your Lordship?
Count. O my sonne, my sonne.

Chris. My deereſt *Rachel*? *Iaq.* My most hony gold.

Count. Heare me *Christophere*.

Chris. Nay heare me *Iaques*.

Iaq. Heare me most honor'd Lord.

Max. What rule is here?

Count. O God that we should let *Chamount* escape.

Enter Aurelia, Phoenixella.

Chris. I and that *Rachel*, such a vertuous mayd, should be thus stolne away.

Iaq. And that my gold, being so hid in earth, should bee found out.

Max. O confusion of languages, & yet no tower of *Babel*!

Fran. Ladies, beshrew me, if you come not fit to make a iangling consort, will you laugh to see three constant passions.

Max. Stand by, I will vrge them, sweet *Count*, will you be comforted.

Count. It cannot be but he is handled the most cruelly,
That euer any noble prisoner was.

Max. Steward, go cheere my Lord:

Chris. Well, if *Rachel* tooke her flight willingly?

Max. Sirrah, speake you touching your daughters flight?

Iaq. O that I could so soone forget to know the thiefe againe, that had my gold, my gold. *Max.* Is not this pure?

Count. O thou base wretch, ile drag thee through the streets,

Enter Balthasar, and whispers with him.

And as a monster, make thee wondred at, how now.

Phoen. Sweet Gentleman? how too vnworthily
Art thou thus tortured, braue *Maximillian*,

The case is Altered.

Pitty the poore youth and appease my father;

Count. How, my sonne returnd? O *Maximilian*,
Francisco, daughters? bid him enter here.

Enter *Chamount*, *Ferneze*, *Rachel*, *Angelo*.

Dost thou not mocke me? O my deere *Paulo* welcome.

Max. My Lord *Chamount*? Cha. My *Gasper*.

Chris. *Rachel*. Iaq. My gold *Rachel*? my gold?

Count Some body bid the begger cease his noise.

Chris. O signior *Angelo*, would you deceiue
Your honest friend, that simply trusted you?

Well *Rachel*: I am glad tho' art here againe.

Ang. I faith she is not for you steward.

Iaq. I beseech you maddam vrge your father.

Phæ. I will anon? good *Iaques* be content.

Aur. Now God a mercy fortune, and sweet *Venus*,
Let *Cupid* do his part, and all is well.

Phæ. Me thinks my heart's in heaven with this comfort.

Cha. Is this the true *Italian* courtesie.

Ferneze were you torturd thus in France? by my soules safety.

Count: My most noble Lord? I do beseech your Lordship.

Cha. Honored Count, wrong not your age with flexure of
a knee,

I do impute it to those cares and griefes,
That did torment you in your absent sonne:

Count O worthy gentlemen, I am ashamd
That my extreame affection to my sonne,
Should giue my honour so vncur'd a maine,
But my first sonne, being in *Vicenza* lost.

Cha. How in *Vicenza*? lost you a sonne there?
About what time my Lord?

Count. O the same night, wherein your noble father tooke
the towne.

Cha. How long's that since my Lord? can you remember.

Count. Tis now well nie vpon the twentieth yeare.

Cha. And how old was he then?

Count. I cannot tel, betweene the yeares of three and foure,
I take it,

A Pleasant Comedy, called

Cha. Had he no speciall note in his attire,
Or otherwise, that you can call to mind.

Count I cannot well remember his attire,
But I haue often heard his mother say:
He had about his necke a tablet,
Giuen to him by the Emperour *Sigismund*.
His Godfather, with this inscription,
Vnder the figure of a siluer Globe: *En minimo, mundus*.

Cha. How did you call your sonne my Lord?

Count *Camillo* Lord *Chamount*.

Cha. Then no more my *Gasper*? but *Camillo*,
Takenotice of your father, gentlemen:
Stand not amazd? here is a tablet,
With that inscription? found about his necke
That night, and in *Vicenza* by my father,
(Who being ignorant, what name he had)
Christned him *Gasper*, nor did I reueale,
This secret till this hower to any man.

Count. O happy reuelation? ô blest hower? ô my *Camillo*.

Phœ. O strange my brother.

Fran. *Maximilion*? behold how the aboundance of his ioy
Drownds him in teares of gladnesse.

Count. O my boy? forgiue thy fathers late austerity:

Max. My Lord? I deliuered as much before, but your honour
would not be perswaded, I will hereafter giue more obseruance
to my visions? I drempt of this.

Iaq. I can be still no longer, my good Lord,
Do a poore man some grace mongst all your ioyes.

Count. Why whats the matter *Iaques*.

Iaq. I am robd, I am vndone, my Lord, robd and vndone:
A heape of thirty thousand golden crownes,
Stolne from me in one minnte, and I feare:
By her confedracy, that cals me father,
But she's none of mine, therefore sweet Lord:
Let her be tortured to confesse the truth.

Max. More wonders yet.

Count. How *Iaques*' is not *Rachel* then thy daughter.

Iaq. No, I disclaime in her, I spit at her,

The case is Altered.

She is a harlot, and her customers,
Your sonne this gallant, and your steward here,
Haue all been partners with her in my spoile? no lesse then
thirty thousand.

Count. *Iaques*, *Iaques*, this is impossible, how shouldst thou
come? to the possession of so huge a heape:
Being alwaies a knowen begger.

Iaq. Out alas, I haue betraid my selfe with my owne tongue,
The case is altered. *Count.* One stay him there.

Max. What meanes he to depart, *Count Ferneze*, vpon my
soule this begger, this begger is a counterfeit: vrge him? didst
thou loose gold? *Iaq.* O no I lost no gold.

Max. Said I not true.

Count. How? didst thou first loose thirty thousand crowns,
And now no gold? was *Rachel* first thy child:
And is shee now no daughter, sirra *Iaques*,
You know how farre our *Millaine* lawes extend, for punish-
ment of liars,

Iaq. I my Lord? what shall I doe? I haue no starting hols?
Mounseieur *Chamount* stand you my honored Lord.

Cha. For what old man?

Iaq. Ill gotten goods neuer thriue,
I plaid the thiefe, and now am robd my selfe:
I am not as I seeme, *Iaques de prie*,
Nor was I borne a begger as I am:
But sometime steward to your noble father.

Cha. What *Melun* that robd my fathers treasure, stole my
sister?

Iaq. I, I, that treasure is lost, but *Isabell* your beauntious sister
here seruies in *Rachel*: and therefore on my knes?

Max. Stay *Iaques* stay? the case still alters?

Count. Faire *Rachel* sister to the Lord *Chamount*:

Ang. Steward your cake is dow, as well as mine.

Pau. I see that honours flames cannot be hid,
No more then lightening in the blackest cloud.

Max. Then sirra tis true? you haue lost this gold,

Iaq. I worthy signior, thirty thousand crownes:

Count. Masse who was it told me, that a couple of my
men

A pleasant Comedy, called

men, were become gallants of late.

Fran. Marry twas I my Lord? my man told me?

Enter Onion and Iuniper.

Max. How now what pagent is this,

Iuni. Come signior *Onion*, lets not be ashamed to appeare,
Keepe state? looke not ambiguous now?

Oni. Not I while I am in this sute.

Iuni. Lordings, equiualence to you all.

Oni. We thought good, to be so good, as see you gentlemen

Max. What? mounsieur *Onion*?

Oni. How dost thou good capitaine.

Count. What are my hinds turnd gentlemen.

Oni. Hinds sir? Sbloud and that word will beare action, it
shall cost vs a thousand pound a peece, but wee le be reuenged.

Iuni. Wilt thou sell thy Lordship *Count*?

Count. What? peasants purchase Lordships?

Iuni. Is that any Nouels sir.

Max. O transmutation of elements, it is certified you had
pages:

Iuni. I sir, but it is knowen they proued ridiculus, they did
pilfer, they did purloine, they did procrastinate our purses, for
the which wasting of our stocke, we haue put thē to the stocks.

Count. And thither shall you two presently,
These be the villaines, that stole *Iaques* gold,
Away with them, and set them with their men.

Max. *Onion* you will now bee peeld.

Fran. The case is alterd now

Oni. Good my Lord, good my Lord:

Iuni. Away scoundrell? dost thou feare a little elocution?
Shall we be confiscate now? shal we droope now?

Shall we be now in helogabolus:

Oni. Peace, peace, leaue thy gabling?

Count. Away, away with them; whats this they prate,

Exeunt with Iuniper and Onion.

Keepe the knaues sure, strickt inquisiti on
Shall presently be made for *Iaques* gold,
To be disposd at pleasure of *Chamout*.

Cha. She is your owne Lord *Paulo*, if your father
Giue his consent.

Ang

The case is Altered.

Ang. How now *Christoforo*? The case is altered.

Chris. With you, as well as me, I am content sir.

Count. With all my heart? and in exchange of her,
(If with your faire acceptance it may stand)
I render my *Aurelia* to your loue.

Cha. I take her from your Lordship, with all thanks,
And blesse the bower wherein I was made prisoner:
For the fruition of this present fortune,
So full of happy and vnlookt for ioyes,
Melum, I pardon thee, and for the treasure,
Recover it, and hold it as thine owne:
It is enough for me to see my sister:
Liue in the circle of *Fernexes* armes,
My friend, the sonne of such a noble father,
And my vnworthy selfe rapt aboue all,
By being the Lord to so diuine a dame.

Max. Well, I will now sweare the case is altered. Lady fare
you well, I will subdue my affections, Maddam (as for you)
you are a profest virgin, and I will be silent, my honorable
Lord *Ferneze*, it shall become you at this time not be frugall,
but bounteous, and open handed, your fortune hath been so
to you Lord *Chamont*.

You are now no stranger, you must be welcome, you haue a
faire amiable and splendidus Lady: but signior *Paulo*, signior
Camillo, I know you valiant? be louing: Lady I must be better
knowne to you, signiors for you, I passe you not: though I let
you passe; for in truth I passe not of you, louers to your nupti-
als, Lordings to your dances, March faire al, for a faire March,
is worth a kings ransome. ———— *Exeunt*

K

The end.

